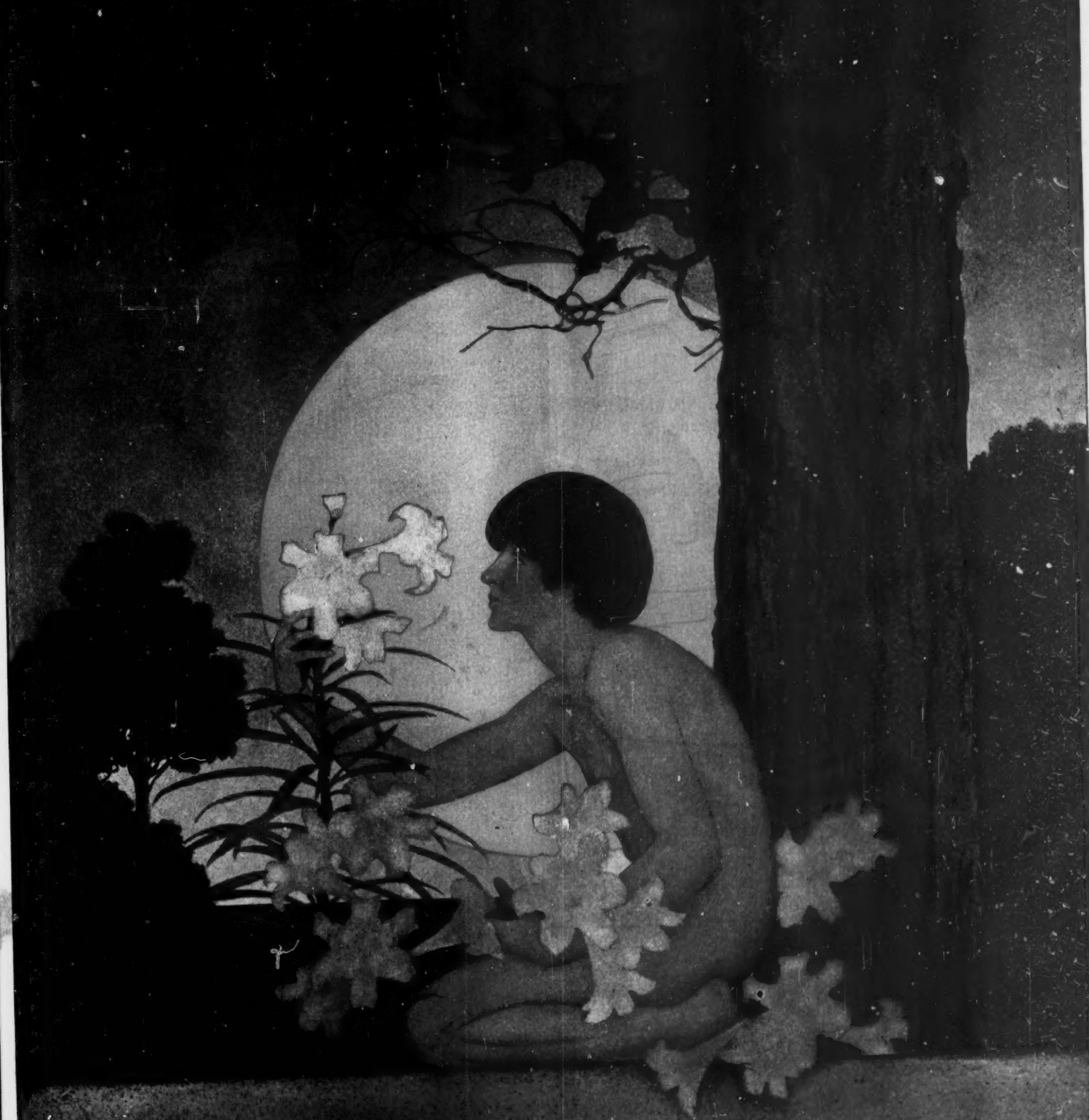


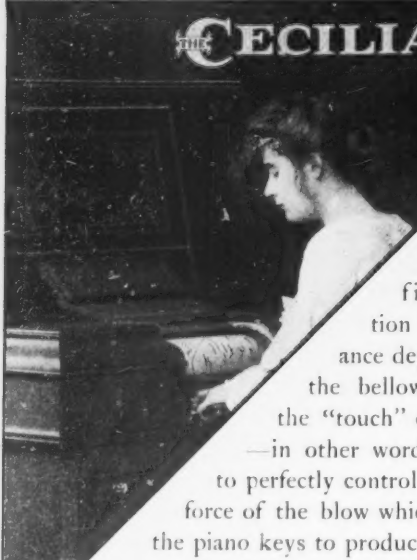
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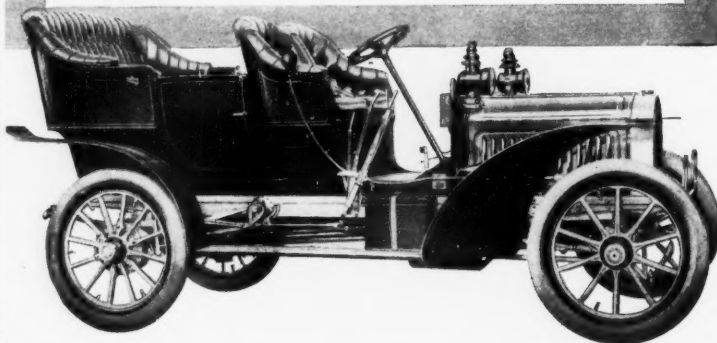
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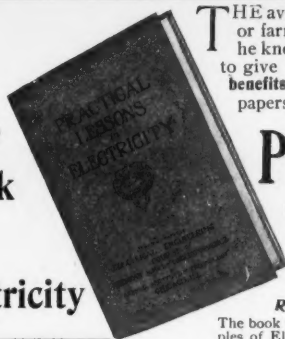
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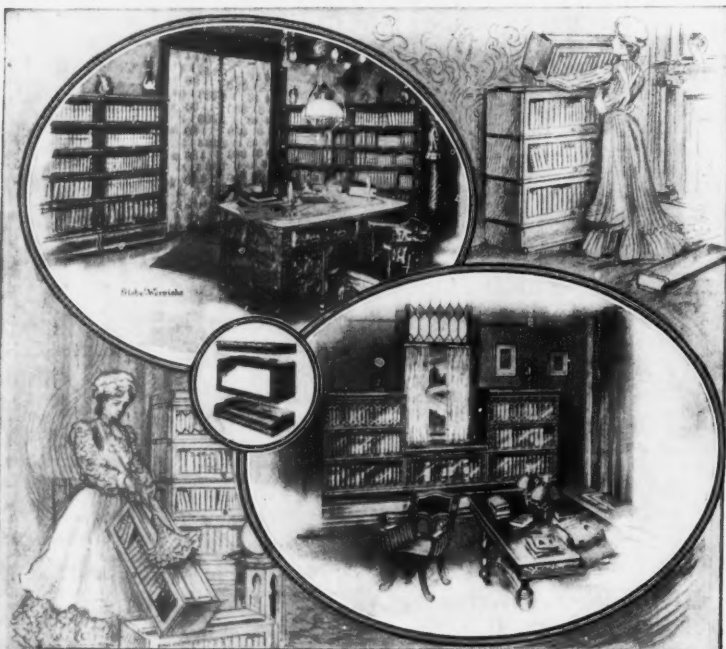
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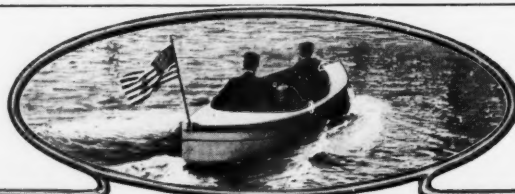
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905

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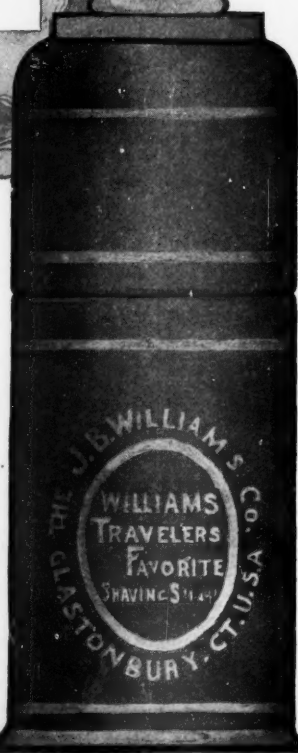
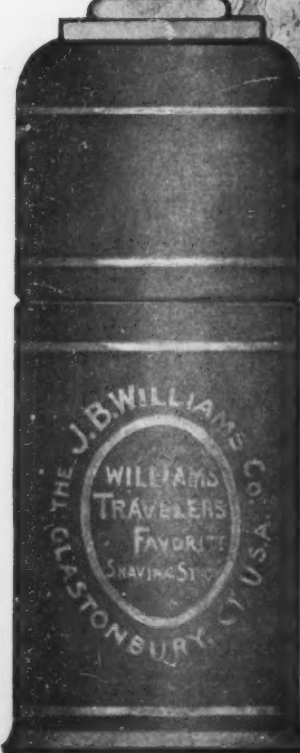
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A STUDY IN CHALK

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



EASTER IS ASSOCIATED WITH BEAUTY more than any other festival of the year. In a season of flowers the world is filled with music. Through the eye and the ear the sense of beauty is stimulated and satisfied. The very symbol of brightness is "the sun upon an Easter day." PHILLIPS BROOKS, in one of his poems, expressed the meaning of Easter as being that Death is strong, but Life is stronger. Men of all creeds can share that religion of the fulness of life. The eloquent preaching of it, with such spiritual intensity, made PHILLIPS BROOKS a force never to be forgotten by any who have once been under his influence. The greatest American preacher of his day felt no kinship between holiness and gloom. Faith to him was the source of joy. His charity was unbounded. His sympathy with life was universal. He, as far as our experience of him went, never took the more severe spirit toward the lighter side of human nature, as in this bit from a sermon by SOUTH: "It were much to be wished for the credit of their religion as well as the satisfaction of their conscience that their Easter devotions would, in some measure, come up to their Easter dress." The negative was not the side from which truth was approached by Mr. BROOKS. He did not spend words on whether this or that was wrong. He breathed out fulness of life and love of men. He looked on nothing scornfully, or with rancor. Unlike MACAULAY'S Puritan, if Mr. BROOKS hated bear-baiting, it was not because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Most of his religion was included in the Sermon on the Mount.

AN EASTER
PREACHER

MANY CONTRADICTIONS EXIST, to the European mind, in the brown race that is just now so rapidly educating the world. When he is engaged in war or sanitation the Japanese is ruthlessly scientific. He has accepted and carried further the practical sense of the Western world. What he has done with railways in Korea has suggested to some of our experts the advisability of sending young men to Asia to come up to date on railroad problems. To studying forces in the natural world the Japanese has brought a mind of unsurpassed exactness. Yet his religion, the transcendental part of his beliefs, remains almost as absolute as if science had never penetrated the island. He believes that the Mikado is divine and that his virtues cause the victories of his country. Ancestor worship is still the religion of large numbers of the highly educated. Doubtless Japanese conditions must change. The first thing to go, probably, will be the exquisite feeling for art. Commerce has already made some inroads on that. Other changes will follow. The horses who have been killed in this war were honored, the other day, with a sympathetic public funeral. No Western country could have carried out seriously and with dignity so graceful an idea, and probably it will not happen in Japan a century from now. The last function in which change is likely to show itself is fighting. Socialism is already active and expressive, and it opposes war. Individualism will increase, and the Japanese will not fight so fearlessly when he considers his own career with the same calculations that we do. Luxury, also, will increase, and with it there will be less sacrifice for ideals. The Japanese soul in 2005 is almost sure to be something profoundly different from what it is to-day.

SOULS OF THE
JAPANESE

THE ANTI-JAPANESE AGITATION now exciting the Pacific Coast naturally suggests comparisons with the anti-Chinese agitation of a generation ago. The difference between the two is that the crusade against the Chinese was a genuine popular movement, based upon a sincere and well-grounded apprehension, while that against the Japanese is artificial, stirred up by newspapers, politicians, and professional labor agitators. In 1882, when the first Chinese Restriction Act was passed, we were legislating against an empire that had more people in a single province than we had in the whole United States. It was not absurd then to talk about a possible Asiatic flood that might drown out our civilization. Now we are asked to be terrified by a little group of islands whose entire population is about half that of our Union. In 1882, nearly 40,000 Chinese landed on our Pacific Coast, among a settled white population of about 1,200,000. In the calendar year 1904, 11,929 Japanese landed among a white population of nearly or quite 3,000,000. When we excluded the Chinese the argument we felt to be most forcible was that they were a hopelessly indigestible lump. They herded together in

A DEFECTIVE
PARALLEL

Chinatowns, wore Chinese clothes and pigtails, and took no interest in American ideas. But the Japanese scatter among Americans, wear our costumes, and are eager to learn all we have to teach. How well they have learned from us and others KUROPATKIN, STOESEL, and ALEXIEFF may tell.

IN 1900 THE CENSUS showed 24,875 Japanese in the continental United States, and 61,111 in Hawaii. On the most liberal estimate there may possibly be 125,000 all told now. That is about the size of our immigration from Russia in the last eight months. Some people would rather have the Japanese. They are more enterprising, better educated, and certainly cleaner. They take hot baths every day, while some of our European immigrants object to having their children bathed, on the ground that they are sewed up for the winter. Japanese are now arriving at San Francisco at the rate of about five hundred a month, and at least half as many are going back home. More Russian immigrants land at Ellis Island in a month than Japanese at all the ports of the United States in a year. More than once a single ship has brought more immigrants from eastern Europe into this harbor in an hour than all the Japanese that have landed at San Francisco in six months. Of course, if we were getting nearly a quarter of a million immigrants from Japan in a year, as we did from Italy in 1903, we might have some reason for alarm. But for some time to come we are likely to get only dribbles of Japan's surplus population. She sent 700,000 male emigrants to Manchuria last year, and for many a year hereafter her energies will be devoted to the development of the vast continent of which she is now the chosen leader.

A FEW COLD
FIGURES

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS come to a newspaper as an expected part of the day's work. The censure which we receive is more likely to treat of our lack of sense, but it occasionally takes up the question of fairness also. Although the article on "The Newspaper Shell Game" was published almost a year ago, an irate reader has just sent in his opinion that "when it comes to blackguardism or hypocrisy, you can probably give Mr. HEARST or any other man cards and spades. You are certainly it." Our own opinion is that we are rather exceptionally fair. Let us take examples. Some very brilliant articles have been sent to us about the danger to health caused by unhygienic methods of the Beef Trust. In order not to run any risk of wronging that aggregation, we engaged Major SEAMAN to go to Chicago, and his first report will appear next week. In the same issue will appear a lucubration by Mr. HAPGOOD, filled to overflowing with the effort to decide just how much of a liar THOMAS W. LAWSON is, what his character is, and what good he is accomplishing; although it would be easier and pleasanter just to make good copy of his absurdities. We look upon ourselves as, in this one respect of search for truth, extremely moral. We may have most of the other sins extant, but for the effort to get at all the truth we can, irrespective of the interest of any class or any persons, we really deserve a little praise.

FAIRNESS

THIS IS THE SEASON when ocean steamers are crowded. In the tea business, tasting the teas, to decide upon their value, is an important element. When a taster of proved ability makes two mistakes near together, the firm gives him a three months' vacation, with salary. Rest is needed to restore his taste. Most of us who are busy at one thing are the better for change of scene. The day is almost past when Americans are turned to fools by trips abroad. First they went over to jeer ignorantly at everything which differed from what they knew at home. Later many went for Art and Culture and became unexampled prigs. Now travel is taken sanely by most who have the privilege. We should like very much to go away for three months, losing ourselves in Japan, or Greece, or Italy, or the Holy Land, and as it is not possible, we wish Godspeed to the thousands whom the great liners are now carrying over the Atlantic. Travel ought to divert, refresh, and instruct, and usually it does. EMERSON'S famous remarks to the contrary were truer for him than for the average man, be he small or great. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and others, have observed that he who travels least luxuriously sees the most. Even on the beaten track much is to be seen, but travel gives the best to him who walks in by-paths, humbly, with the people.

TRAVEL



NECESSITIES MAKE STYLE. The object which language is to accomplish frequently determines the forms it takes. Governor FOLK of Missouri has become a notable coiner of pointed sentences on moral principles. He needed to formulate, when he was running for the Governorship, those principles on which he had proceeded as Circuit-Attorney, and misrepresentation taught him the need of making each sentence unassailable in itself—not dependent on context for its truth. Comparing his moral propositions with those of Mr. ROOSEVELT or Mr. CLEVELAND makes one realize that Mr. FOLK has put some art into his task. Even if

THE STYLE
OF MR. FOLK

he is reaffirming the Decalogue he is not flat. He writes aphorisms, not banalities. Bribery he described in New York as "the treason of peace, more dangerous than the treason of war." And he said that "the patriotism of the ballot is even more necessary in a free country than the patriotism of the bullet." "No government, city, State, or national, was ever better than the people made it, or worse than they suffered it to become." And is not this a summary and very neat description of corrupt politicians' scope?—"They do not know good from bad; all they know is politics, but they do know good politics from bad politics. They have been taught that boodling is bad politics in Missouri." Mr. FOLK is able to say what he means in words that, circumstances favoring, may have long life.

BY THE TIME THESE LINES are printed it may be known at Madison, Wisconsin, just when Governor LA FOLLETTE will take his seat in the United States Senate. This must sound like a perfectly safe statement to make even of so "dangerous" a man as he, but it isn't. The junior Senator-elect from Wisconsin may remain the Governor of that State for some months, possibly a year, possibly two years more. He set out ten years or so ago to get done certain things for what he deemed Wisconsin's good. Most of them—and a few more—are done. He is ambitious, and many suppose that he proposed his reforms for the purpose of achieving for himself a United States Senatorship. Yet he stands in the Capitol at Madison, while the seat to which he was elected two months ago waits vacant for him in the Capitol at Washington. What is the matter? One of the things Mr. LA FOLLETTE undertook to do remains undone. He promised, and his party promised, and his legislators promised, by implication and by explicit declaration, to enact a law giving

INTENTIONS OF
LA FOLLETTE

to a State Commission authority to regulate railroad rates. Without counting National (Stalwart) Republicans, Wisconsin elected a sufficient majority of Wisconsin Republicans to pass such a bill, but the State Senate is in doubt. We understand that a few pledged Senators have been taken into "camp" by a corrupt railroad lobby organization across the street from the Capitol, and that, until the question whether those men have been bought off or not is settled by their votes on this bill, the democrat who is the Republican leader of Wisconsin will not know himself whether he can go to the United States Senate. We believe that when the citizens of Wisconsin hear that some of their State Senators, sent to Madison to represent them, have been purchased by the railroads, they will rise and say some things which will send that rate bill through and send LA FOLLETTE to Washington. But if they don't, we understand that the Governor will stay in Wisconsin and finish his job.

LET NOBODY IMAGINE that we look upon a railroad as *per se* a villain. We have no sympathy with reform that is mostly frenzy, and which deems anything in corporate form, or anything with money, a polluted object. The Wisconsin situation presents a pure question of pledged honor, which is not dependent on any of the general problems of railway regulation. Missouri, for instance, faces a very different state of things. There a commission

ANOTHER
PROPOSITION

already had power to fix rates, but the Legislature went to work and passed a law cutting down those rates all over the State by about forty per cent. Governor FOLK is not a demagogue. He is no more afraid of an excited populace than he is of a bunch of plutocrats. He stands for justice to rich as well as poor. What he will decide about the merits of this bill, when he has thoroughly studied the situation, we, of course, do not know; but he will do what he thinks right without any reference to popular brain fever. It would give him no pleasure to see a State go crazy.

THE BREEZINESS WITH WHICH Western papers frequently propound their thoughts is one of the things that make us take such pleasure in journalism in America. The Butte, Montana, "Miner" finds that we had fun with a notable mansion because we "could not hold up Senator CLARK for a write-up." The Helena, Montana, "Independent" thinks that if Senator CLARK had possessed no dwelling for us to vilify we should "proceed to slander his wife, scandalize his business, and tie tin cans to his dog's tail." The Denver "Republican" thinks the Senator will probably put on a few more "scallop eave-troughs,"

GINGER

just to spite this paper, and "in the meantime the critic who has taken such offence at the CLARK mansion should wear blinders when he is called to that part of Fifth Avenue." The Joplin, Missouri, "Globe" charges us with snobbery, and thinks the nation will stand for any man who "elects to inject a little ginger into the dull, tame, cold piles that embattlement the fashionable avenues of the continent's metropolis." The Terre Haute "Star," on the other hand, sees a danger, inasmuch as the residence in question "is calculated to stop teams on the street." There are innumerable newspapers in this country that have no difficulty whatever in making a reader understand what they mean.

THE POISON CAMPAIGN will be a long one, but there is no danger of its becoming dull. Indeed, the people are likely to become more interested in what they eat the more they learn how strangely and wonderfully food is made. Mr. PAUL PIERCE, who was superintendent of the food exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition, has begun, in "Public Opinion," a series of informative articles which we commend to our readers. In 1903 the American manufacturer secured the passage of a law against the importation of adulterated food, as it interfered with an infant industry. This home industry now flourishes like the green bay tree. Peels of fruit, cores, worm-eaten spots, and worms are removed, and made into "pure apple jelly," or currant jelly, plum jam, apple butter, or whatever is desired. Worn-out mules and horses do a final service in restaurants and on lunch counters as roast beef, corned beef, and beef stew. Dr. LEON S. WATERS, an expert in food chemistry, is authority for the statement that hogs' livers are mixed with chicory before the result appears as coffee. Mr. PIERCE makes the point that comparatively few deaths result immediately from adulteration, as the manufacturers try to keep the poison too little in amount to appear in post-mortems. The creation of nervous diseases and general debility, and the preparation of the system to receive any disease that may be lurking about, do more in the long run than is accomplished directly. Nevertheless, Dr. J. N. HURTY, Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health, estimates that sixty-five per cent of infant deaths in America are due directly to bad or poisoned food. In recent experiments one teaspoonful of a well-known brand of butter-color given to a kitten caused its instant death, and a somewhat larger dose sent a full-grown healthy tom to heaven.

FOOD

ONCE THE CIRCUS consisted of a magic inclosure under a tent, in which trained animals, clowns, and wondrous ladies and gentlemen jumping through tissue-paper hoops created the whole atmosphere of the enchanted place. Now these elements are almost sunk in the grandeur and complexity of the spectacle which the circuses offer in the larger cities. Personal relations between the clown and his audience are impossible—for he is legion and the place is great. As adults are now most catered for, difficulty in what is done is sought more than simple charm, and danger, real or apparent, is exploited in aerial leaps on bicycles or automobiles. A little of the exhibition is catalogued as special children's features.

MODERN
CIRCUSES

Once the whole circus was for the children. The result of the new system on a youthful mind is confusion. Unless we are mistaken, the children of to-day will not look back upon the circus with the same feelings of romance that most of us have in memory. The change is probably inevitable, and due not to a preference in anybody for the newer kind of circus, but to the same economic laws that lead to big combinations in every line. Individuality disappears in the circus for the same causes that are putting an end to the little shopkeeper and manufacturer all over the country and replacing him with the impersonal octopus.



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"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

By JOHN FINLEY. Painted by HOWARD PYLE

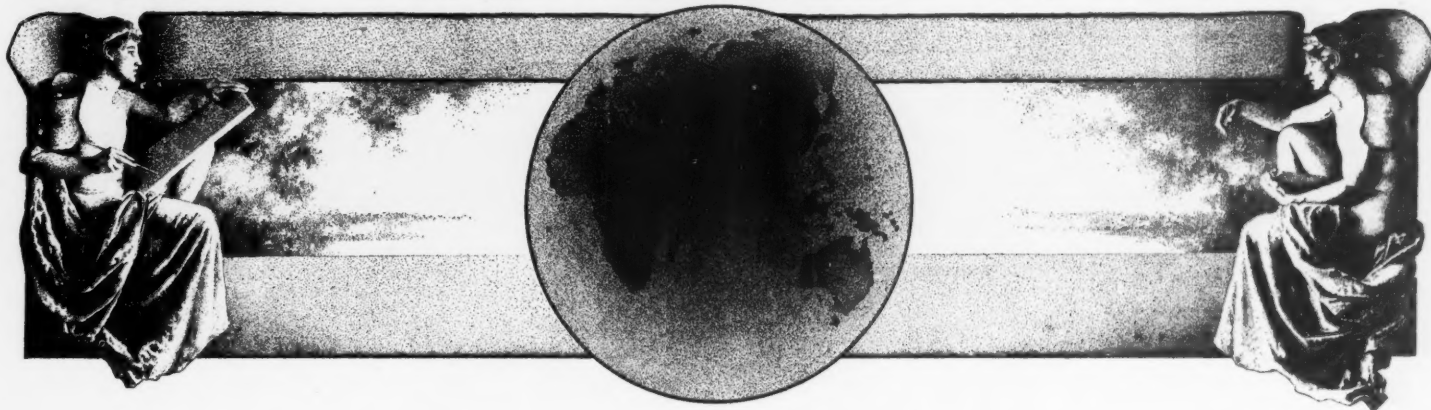
THE sepulchres are everywhere,
And men sit by them in despair
Lamenting: "We had hoped—had hoped!
Vainly with evil have we coped;

"WE hoped for peace, there came a sword;
Good-will, and still there grows discord;
The snow with human slaughter's red;
Passion is regnant; God is dead."

BUT by each sepulchre, this morn,
Hope's Angel cries, the Easter Morn,
"Why seek the living here? Look where
Man's doing answers man's despair."

FOR he is risen; from his grave,
The primal cell, the Stone-Age cave,
He has ascended; and 'mid strife
Goes like a god to endless life.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



STRUGGLING RUSSIA

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE, which seemed bright early in the week, took an unfavorable turn later. Such terms as Japan would gladly have offered at the beginning of the war would be seized with delight in St. Petersburg now, but the Czar and his circle are not yet prepared for the humiliation of paying an indemnity. Nevertheless the St. Petersburg Bourse was cheered on April 1 by a report that the Russian Government would agree to cede the southern part of the island of Sakhalin to Japan, to promise to leave Manchuria and Korea permanently outside the Russian sphere of influence, and to turn over the Chinese Eastern Railroad to Japan, to be sold to China or to an international syndicate for \$125,000,000, which would serve Japan in lieu of indemnity. At the imperial palace the hope is still cherished that Rojstvensky's fleet may do something to change the fortunes of war. Five Russian warships, supposed to be Admiral Nebogatoff's division, passed Perim, at the entrance to the Red Sea, on March 26, and should have been able to effect a junction with Rojstvensky soon afterward. The Japanese movements in Manchuria have been skilfully screened, but great activity has evidently prevailed in the direction of the railroad between Harbin and Vladivostok, and the isolation of the latter stronghold is expected at any time. Russian correspondents were reporting on April 2 that the Japanese flanking parties were approaching Kirin, the most important point now held by the Russians in Manchuria south of Harbin, and said to be the present headquarters of the Russian army. Meanwhile the internal condition of Russia is going from bad to worse. On April 2 a collision occurred at Warsaw between the troops and a Socialist mob in which four persons were killed by the soldiers and forty wounded. The general unrest has now extended even to the Orthodox Church, and an agitation has begun among the clergy against the malign power exerted by M. Pobiedonostzeff, the despotic Procurator of the Holy Synod.

THE PRESIDENT IN CIRCULATION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT left Washington on April 3 upon a two months' tour through the South and West. One of his first objectives was the Rough Riders' reunion at San Antonio, Texas, on the 7th, after which his plans included an extensive hunting campaign. It was expected that this trip would be memorable for a final reconciliation between the President and the South. Elaborate preparations had been made in the various Southern cities on the route to give Mr. Roosevelt a reception that would show how completely old misunderstandings had been wiped out.

A NEW LEAF AT PANAMA

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT appointed the Panama Canal Commission a year ago, he delivered a little lecture to its members, telling them that he had selected them because he considered them the best men for their places, and that if

The war has marked time while Russia has listened anxiously to rumors of peace. Angered by its administrative feebleness, President Roosevelt has smashed the Isthmian Canal Commission and created a new one, which is expected to put the canal through without further delay. Our protectorate over Santo Domingo has been established by a "modus vivendi" in the absence of the Senate, and President Castro of Venezuela has been inviting discipline

at any time he had reason to change that opinion regarding any one of them he would not hesitate to ask for that man's resignation. On the 29th of last month he fulfilled that promise in characteristically whole-souled fashion by demanding the resignations of the entire commission. He had intended to substitute a new commission of three members, but an examination of the law convinced him that it would be necessary to stick to seven. For the new Commander-in-Chief he selected Mr. Theodore Perry Shonts, president of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railroad, a young man of energy and recorded

the Government has gone into business, it has begun to face the necessity of paying business rates for the brains it hires. The President has decided that Chairman Shonts shall have a salary of \$30,000 a year, Chief Engineer Wallace \$25,000, and Governor Magoon \$17,500, together with furnished houses and traveling expenses. These three are plainly to constitute a dominating commission within the commission. The salaries of the other four are reduced from \$12,500 to \$7,500 a year. The reorganization of

the commission is favorable to the plans of Chief Engineer Wallace, who will have a freer hand than the old board has ever allowed him. On the day after the peaceful revolution in the canal government was accomplished it was announced that Mr. William Nelson Cromwell had succeeded in buying for the United States the last of the outstanding stock of the Panama Railroad, so that the operations on the Isthmus are now entirely divorced from private capital. The annual election of the road comes this month, and the last monopolistic contract that hampers independent shippers will disappear. Without waiting for the canal, we shall have at once healthy competition in the traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

AN OLD PERIL REVIVED

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has reopened a dangerous question which, of late, has been regarded as definitely closed. The Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish agreements established France as the guardian of Morocco, and this predominance was recognized by the United States at the time of the Perdicaris incident. It seemed to be an established condition when, some months ago, the London "Times" called attention to the fact that the Sultan was becoming restive under the French tutelage. Later French susceptibilities were ruffled by certain oracular statements of the German Imperial Chancellor, treating Morocco as an independent country and ignoring the claims of France to any special influence there. The tension reached a climax on March 31, when the Emperor landed at Tangier and delivered an address in which he said, according to one version: "There is no preponderating influence in Morocco. Germany must enjoy the same rights as other Powers. We guarantee that the sovereignty of Morocco shall and will be maintained." This encouraged the Sultan to obstruct the reforms insisted upon by France, and created deep agitation in Paris, where it was regarded as a blow both at France and at England. Some of the Russian papers welcomed the Kaiser's action as the beginning of a new grouping of the Western Powers. The snub to their ally did not grieve them, in view of the failure of the Russian loan at Paris.



FIGHTING STANDARD OIL IN KANSAS

A council of war at Independence—On the left is Governor Hoch, who is leading the campaign of the independent producer with his State oil refinery; on the right is Miss Tarbell, author of the History of Standard Oil

achievement. Only two members of the old board, Chief Engineer Wallace and Benjamin M. Harrod, were retained.

Charles E. Magoon, law officer of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, was made a member of the Commission and Governor of the Canal Zone. The other new members are Rear-Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, Brigadier-General Peter C. Hains, retired, and Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, of the Engineer Corps. In addition there is to be an advisory board of engineers, which will study the question of changing the plan from a lock to a sea-level canal. Now that

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

ANOTHER LONG STEP toward Philippine home rule was taken when Governor Wright, on March 28, issued a proclamation announcing that the census of the islands had been completed and that in two years, provided peace prevailed, an election would be held for a general assembly. When this

is done the government of the Philippines will be assimilated to that of Porto Rico, where there is a legislature consisting of a lower house elected by the people and an appointive upper house composed partly of Porto Ricans and partly of Americans. When the Philippine Assembly comes into existence it will be the lower house of the insular legislature, and the present Philippine Commission, which contains both Filipinos and Americans, will be the upper house. From that the step will be easy to complete native autonomy, provided the elected members display a capacity for government. The system which Governor Wright's proclamation promises to put into effect within two years will be from the start the most democratic colonial government in Asia, and the only one designed to train the people to rule themselves.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

THE PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE of the American Board of Foreign Missions has decided to accept Mr. Rockefeller's \$100,000 without disinfection and take the chances of contagion from its alleged "taint." It takes the ground that the gift is made not to it, but merely through it to the heathen, and that it has no right to intercept benefits intended for others in order to express its own opinion of the character of the donor. Gifts to the Church, it says, "can be accepted only on the ground that they are debts paid to God and to humanity and involve nothing whatever in the way of favors." But the protesting ministers are still unreconciled, and have organized a national agitation to prevent the final adoption of the report. The disturbance has evidently touched Mr. Rockefeller's feelings, and has drawn forth a defence of him and of Standard Oil from Mr. H. H. Rogers. Mr. Rogers says that rebates were legal before the passage of the Interstate Commerce law and that the Standard Oil Company has not received any since.

VENEZUELA AMONG THE NATIONS

THE PRESIDENT of the Supreme Court of Venezuela decided on March 31 that the French Cable Company had forfeited its concession by failure to observe its terms. In any strong country such a decision would be respected. No power would think of expecting diplomatic pressure to overrule a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, the British House of Lords, or the French Cour de Cassation. In the case of the French Cable Company the very terms of the contract provided that it should never become a subject of international reclamation, but that any disputes arising under it should be settled by the Venezuelan courts. Yet a decision of the head of the highest court of Venezuela is now treated merely as a starting-point for a demand for arbitration, backed by naval persuasion. All of which furnishes a practical commentary on the theory of international law that every power has equal rights with every other.

A GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

FROM A "PROTOCOL," a "memorandum of agreement," a "convention," and a "treaty," the arrangement with Santo Domingo has now become a "modus vivendi." President Roosevelt has demonstrated that, powerful as the Senate is, a deliberative assembly that takes a nine months' recess is no match for a determined and resourceful Executive who is in session all the time. The original Dillingham-Sanchez protocol provided that officials named by the President of the United States should collect the Dominican customs revenues, give 45 per cent to the Dominican Government for its running expenses, and apply the other 55 per cent to the debts of the Republic, after meeting the costs of collection. The American authorities were to pass upon the validity of the claims against Santo Domingo. This scheme, it was finally admitted,

could not be put into effect without the consent of the Senate. But under the "modus vivendi" whose acceptance was announced on March 28, all these things are to be done informally, by way of a "gentlemen's agreement." The only difference is that, instead of paying the 55 per cent of the revenues directly to the creditors of Santo Domingo, it is to be deposited in bank in New York and kept there until the Senate acts upon the treaty, with a view to its transfer to the Dominican Government if that instrument should be definitely rejected. President Roosevelt will not appoint the collectors; he will

pone action for the collection of their claims as long as the "modus vivendi" continues to work.

A STATE REDEEMED

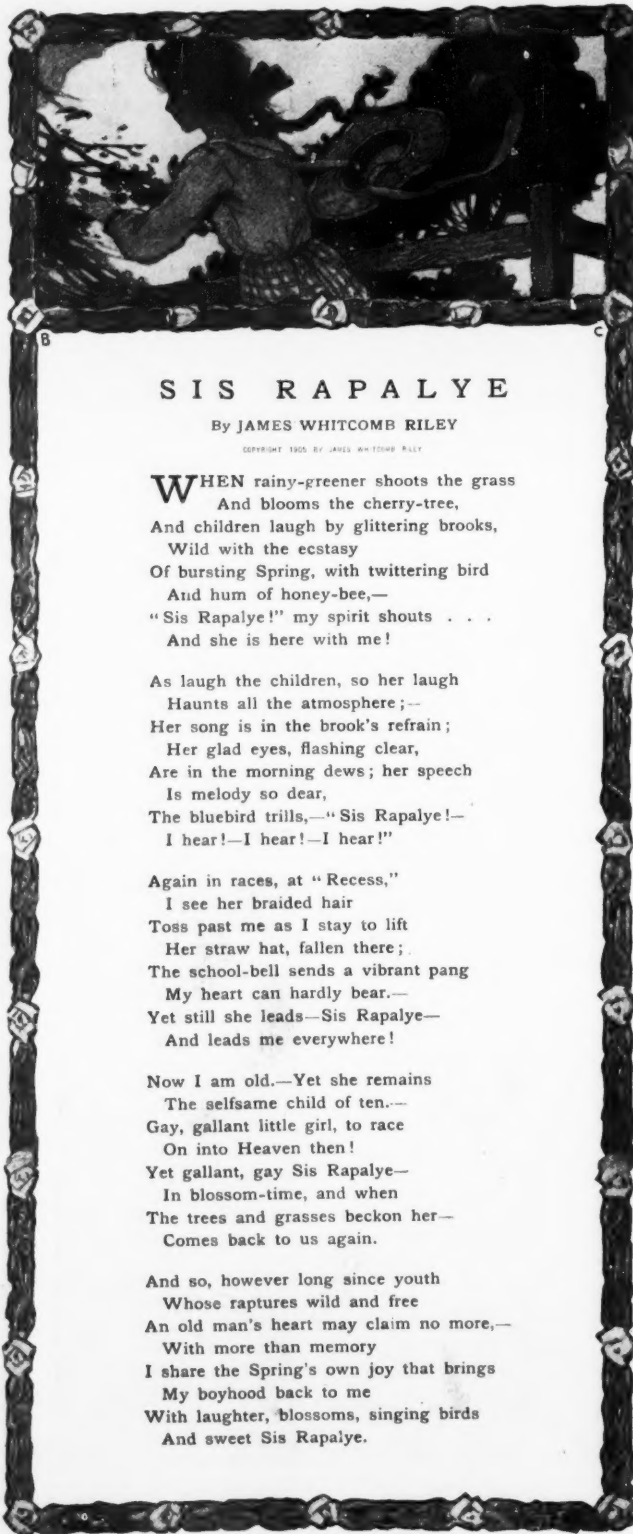
IN HIS SPEECH delivered before the Missouri Society of New York on March 28 Governor Folk made the remarkable and encouraging statement that "corruption had no part" in the recent session of the Legislature of his State, and that "no act of the General Assembly was passed or defeated by the use of money." Yet when Mr. Folk began his work it would have seemed hardly wilder to talk about purifying Pennsylvania than Missouri. The Governor afterward explained his method of nailing bribers. He said that as a prosecuting officer he would catch at the flimsiest rumor that seemed to give a clew to a corrupt transaction. If a man said that another had told him that a third had told him that an alderman had taken money for his vote he would have the first man in the Grand Jury room and extract from him the name of his informant. Then he would go for the second man, and if he denied the story he would confront him with the first and demand the truth under threat of a prosecution for perjury. In this way he would proceed, with menaces on one hand and offers of immunity on the other, until he had laid his hands on the culprit. Mr. Folk believes that bribery could be utterly suppressed with the help of a law exempting witnesses who turn State's evidence from prosecution for complicity in the crime.

FROM LIBRARIES TO COLLEGES

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE took advantage of a dinner of the alumni of Stevens Institute on March 27 to make the important announcement that he was gradually transferring his activity from the library business to that of developing the small colleges. He explained later that his affection for libraries had not waned, but that the popular hunger for such institutions had been so far appeased that it could no longer absorb the money he felt impelled to devote to public purposes. The demand had fallen off to the beggarly figure of one library a day, requiring a daily expenditure of only \$20,000, and hence it was obviously necessary for Mr. Carnegie to find some new and more adequate outlet for his philanthropic activity. The small college has the advantage of unlimited capacity as an absorbent. Already Mr. Carnegie has received applications from a hundred such institutions, and he has quietly helped fifty-two in the past five years. There are over four hundred colleges in the United States that might fairly be called small and their needs are boundless. Nowhere else in the field of learning can a dollar do so much. At a total cost of about \$3,000,000, distributed \$25,000 here and \$50,000 there, Mr. D. K. Pearson has sent a breeze of cheerfulness and hope throughout the Western educational world. Mr. Carnegie is going to do a similar work on a vaster scale.

IN CONTEMPT OF PARLIAMENT

MR. BALFOUR reduced the British theory of parliamentary government to an absurdity on March 28 when he allowed a vote of censure to pass the House of Commons unanimously and then ignored it. Heretofore such a vote has always been regarded as sealing the fate of a ministry. More than one government has fallen because its whips, taken by surprise, have failed to muster quite a majority on a snap division. In this case the vote was taken after due notice, and the condemnation of the House stands on the record as pronounced without opposition. Mr. Balfour takes the ground that he could have defeated the motion if he had cared to take the trouble, but the theory of ministerial responsibility prevailing until now has not taken account of hypothetical possibilities, but of recorded facts.



SIS RAPALYE

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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WHEN rainy-green shoots the grass
And blooms the cherry-tree,
And children laugh by glittering brooks,
Wild with the ecstasy
Of bursting Spring, with twittering bird
And hum of honey-bee,—
"Sis Rapalye!" my spirit shouts . . .
And she is here with me!

As laugh the children, so her laugh
Haunts all the atmosphere;—
Her song is in the brook's refrain;
Her glad eyes, flashing clear,
Are in the morning dews; her speech
Is melody so dear,
The bluebird trills,— "Sis Rapalye!—
I hear!—I hear!—I hear!"

Again in races, at "Recess,"
I see her braided hair
Toss past me as I stay to lift
Her straw hat, fallen there;
The school-bell sends a vibrant pang
My heart can hardly bear.—
Yet still she leads—Sis Rapalye—
And leads me everywhere!

Now I am old.—Yet she remains
The selfsame child of ten.—
Gay, gallant little girl, to race
On into Heaven then!
Yet gallant, gay Sis Rapalye—
In blossom-time, and when
The trees and grasses beckon her—
Comes back to us again.

And so, however long since youth
Whose raptures wild and free
An old man's heart may claim no more,—
With more than memory
I share the Spring's own joy that brings
My boyhood back to me
With laughter, blossoms, singing birds
And sweet Sis Rapalye.

merely recommend them, and President Morales will do the appointing. The United States will not pass upon the validity of the debts; Professor Hollander will merely investigate them for Mr. Roosevelt's private satisfaction. Our warships will not enforce order among the Dominicans; they will merely protect American interests, which disorder would imperil. The Constitution will not suffer, for no official action will be taken. One gentleman will merely be extending favors to another. This situation is satisfactory to most of the creditors of Santo Domingo, who have agreed to post-

THE TWO-GUN MAN

A STORY OF ARIZONA CATTLE-RUSTLERS IN WHICH THE HERO PRODUCES A QUITE UNEXPECTED QUALITY OF NERVE

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



I.—The Cattle-Rustlers

BUCK JOHNSON was American born, but with a black beard and a dignity of manner that had earned him the title of Señor. He had drifted into southeastern Arizona in the days of Cochise and Victorio and Geronimo. He had persisted, and so in time had come to control the water—and hence the grazing—of nearly all the Soda Spring Valley. His troubles were many and his difficulties great. There were the ordinary problems of lean and dry years. There were also the extraordinary problems of devastating Apaches, rivals for early and ill-defined range rights—and cattle-rustlers.

Señor Buck Johnson was a man of capacity, courage, directness of method, and perseverance. Especially the latter. Therefore he had survived to see the Apaches subdued, the range right adjusted, his cattle increased to thousands, grazing the area of a principality. Now all the energy and fire of his frontiersman's nature he had turned to wiping out the third uncertainty of an uncertain business. He found it a task of some magnitude.

For Señor Buck Johnson lived just north of that terra incognita filled with the mystery of a double chance of death from man or the flaming desert known as the Mexican border. There by natural gravitation gathered all the desperate characters of three States and two republics. He who rode into it took good care that no one should get behind him, lived warily, slept light, and breathed deep when once he had again sighted the familiar peaks of Cochise's Stronghold.

No one professed knowledge of those who dwelt therein. They moved, mysterious as the desert illusions that compassed them about. As you rode, the ranges of mountains visibly changed form, the monstrous, snaky, sealike growths of the cactus clutched at your stirrup, mock lakes sparkled and dissolved in the middle distance, the sun beat hot and merciless, the powdered dry alkali beat hotly and mercilessly back—and strange grim men, swarthy, bearded, heavily armed, with red-rimmed unshifting eyes, rode silently out of the mists of illusion to look on you steadily and then to ride silently back into the desert haze. They might be only the herders of the gaunt cattle, or again they might belong to the Lost Legion that peopled the country. All you could know was that of the men who entered in but few returned.

Directly north of this unknown land you encountered parallel fences running across the country. They inclosed nothing, but offered a check to the cattle drifting toward the clutch of the renegades and an obstacle to swift dashing forays.

Of cattle-rustling there are various forms. The boldest consists quite simply of running off a bunch of stock, hustling it over the Mexican line, and there selling it to some of the big Sonora ranch owners. Generally this sort means war. Also are there subtler means, grading in skill from the rebranding through a wet blanket, through the crafty refashioning of a brand, to the various methods of separating the cow from her unbranded calf. In the course of his task Señor Buck Johnson would have to do with them all, but at present he existed in a state of warfare, fighting an enemy who stole as the Indians used to steal.

Already he had fought two pitched battles—and had won them both. His cattle increased and he became rich. Nevertheless, he knew that constantly his resources were being drained. Time and again he and his new Texas foreman, Jed Parker, had followed the trail of a stampeded bunch of twenty or thirty, followed them on down through the Soda

Springs Valley to the cut-drift fences, there to abandon them. For as yet an armed force would be needed to penetrate the borderland. Once he and his men had experienced the glory of a night pursuit. Then, at the drift fences, he had fought one of his battles. But it was impossible adequately to patrol all parts of a range bigger than some Eastern States.

Buck Johnson did his best, but it was like stopping with sand the innumerable little leaks of a dam. Did his riders watch toward the Chiricahuas, then a score of beef steers disappeared from Grant's Pass, forty miles away. Pursuit here meant leaving cattle unguarded there. It was useless, and the Señor soon perceived that sooner or later he must strike in offence.

For this purpose he began slowly to strengthen the forces of his riders. Men were coming in from Texas. They were good men, addicted to the grass-ropes, the double cinch, and the ox-bow stirrup, Señor Johnson wanted men who could shoot, and he got them.

"Jed," said Señor Johnson to his foreman, "the next son of a gun that rustles any of our cows is sure loading himself full of trouble. We'll hit his trail and we'll stay with it, and we'll reach his cattle-rustling conscience with a rope."

So it came about that a little army crossed the drift fences and entered the border country. Two days later it came out, and mighty pleased to be able to do so. The rope had not been used.

The reason for the defeat was quite simple. The thief had run his cattle through the lava beds, where the trail at once became difficult to follow. This delayed the pursuing party; they ran out of water; and as there was among them not one man well enough acquainted with the country to know where to find more, they had to return.

"No use, Buck," said Jed, "we'd any of us come in on a gun play, but we can't buck the desert. We'll have to get some one who knows the country."

"That's all right—but where?" queried Johnson.

"There's Perez," suggested Parker, "it's the only town down near that country."

"Might get some one there," agreed the Señor.

Next day he rode away in search of a guide.

The third evening he was back again, much discouraged.

"The country's no good," he explained. "The regular inhabitant's a set of Mexican bums and old soaks. The cowmen's all from north and don't know nothing more than we do. I found lots who claimed to know that country, but when I told 'em what I wanted they shied like a colt. I couldn't hire 'em for no money to go down in that country. They ain't got the nerve. I

took two days to her, too, and rode out to a ranch where they said a man lived who knew all about it down there. Nary rifle. Man looked all right, but his tail went down like the rest when I told him what we wanted. Seemed plumb scairt to death. Says he lived too close to the gang. Says they'd wipe him out sure if he done it. Seemed plumb scairt." Buck Johnson grinned. "I told him so, and he got hosstyle right off. Didn't seem no ways scairt of me. I know what's the matter with that outfit down there. They're plumb terrorized."

That night a bunch of steers was stolen from the very corrals of the home ranch. The home ranch was far north, near Fort Sherman itself, and so had always been considered immune from attack. Consequently these steers were very fine ones.

For the first time Buck Johnson lost his head and his dignity. He ordered the horses.

"I'm going to follow that — into Sonora," he shouted to Jed Parker. "This thing's got to stop!"

"You can't make her, Buck," objected the foreman. "You'll get held up by the desert; and if that don't finish you, they'll tangle you up in all those little mountains down there, and ambush you and massacre you. You know it damn well."

"I don't give a —" exploded Señor Johnson, "if they do. No man can slap my face and not get a run for it." Jed Parker communed with himself.

"Señor," said he at last, "it's no good; you can't do it. You got to have a guide. You wait three days and I'll get you one."

"You can't do it," insisted the Señor, "I tried every man in the district."

"Will you wait three days?" repeated the foreman.

Johnson pulled loose his latigo. His first anger cooled.

"All right," he agreed, "and you can say for me that I'll pay five thousand dollars in gold and give all the men and horses he needs to the man who has the nerve to get back that bunch of cattle and bring in the man who rustled them. I'll sure make this a test case."

So Jed Parker set out to discover his man with nerve.

II—The Man with Nerve

AT about ten o'clock of the Fourth of July a rider topped the summit of the last swell of land and loped his animal down into the single street of Perez. The buildings on either side were flat-roofed and coated with plaster. Over the sidewalks extended wooden awnings, beneath which opened very wide doors into the coolness of saloons. Each of these places ran a bar, and also games of roulette, faro, craps, and stud poker. Even this early in the morning every game was patronized.

The day was already hot with the dry, breathless, but exhilarating heat of the desert. A throng of men idling at the edge of the sidewalks, jostling up and down their centre, or eddying into the places of amusement, acknowledged the power of summer by loosening their collars and carrying their coats on their arms. They were as yet busily engaged in recognizing acquaintances. Later they would drink freely and gamble and perhaps fight. Toward all but those they recognized they preserved an attitude of potential suspicion, for here were gathered the "bad men" of the border counties. A certain jealousy or touchy egotism, lest the other man be considered quicker on the trigger, bolder, less aggressive than himself, kept each strung to tension. An occasional shot attracted little notice. Men in the cow countries shoot as casually as we strike matches, and some subtle instinct told them that the reports were harmless.

As the rider entered one street, however, a more definite cause of excitement drew the loose population toward the centre of the road. Immediately their mass blotched out what had interested them. Curiosity attracted the saunterers; they in turn the frequenters of the bars and gambling games. In an incredibly few moments the barkeepers, gamblers, and lookout men alone, held aloof only by the necessities of their calling, of all the population of Perez were not included in the newly formed ring.

The stranger pushed his horse resolutely



A wild-eyed man, a knife in his hand, and a bandanna handkerchief hanging from his teeth

to the outer edge of the crowd, where, from his point of vantage, he could easily overlook their heads. He was a quiet-appearing young fellow, rather neatly dressed in the border costume, rode a "centre-fire" or single-cinch saddle, and wore no chaps. He was what is known as a "two-gun man"; that is to say, he wore a heavy Colt's revolver on either hip. The fact that the lower ends of his holsters were tied down in order to facilitate the easy withdrawal of the revolvers seemed to indicate that he expected to use them. He had furthermore a quiet gray eye with the hint of steel that bore out the inference of the tied holsters.

The newcomer dropped his reins on his pony's neck, eased himself to an attitude of attention, and looked down gravely on what was taking place.

He saw over the heads of the bystanders a tall, muscular wild-eyed man, hatless, his hair rumpled into staring confusion, his right sleeve rolled to his shoulder, a wicked-looking nine-inch knife in his hand, and a red bandanna handkerchief hanging by one corner from his teeth. "What's biting the locoed stranger?" the young man inquired of his neighbor.

The other frowned at him darkly. "Dares any one to take the other end of that handkerchief in his teeth and fight it out without letting go."

"Nice joyful proposition," commented the young man. He settled himself to closer attention. The wild-eyed man was talking rapidly. What he said can not be printed here. Mainly was it derogatory of the Southern countries. Shortly it became boastful of the Northern and then boastful of the man who uttered it. He swaggered up and down, becoming always the more insolent as his challenge remained untaken.

"Why don't you take him up?" inquired the young man after a moment.

"Not me!" negated the other vigorously. "I'll go your little old gun-fight to a finish, but I don't want any cold steel in mine. Ugh! it gives me the shivers. It's a reg'lar Mexican trick! With a gun it's down and out; but this knife work is too slow and searchin'."

The newcomer said nothing, but fixed his eye again on the raging man with the knife. "Don't you reckon he's bluffing?" he inquired.

"Not any!" denied the other with emphasis. "He's jest drunk enough to be crazy mad and reckless."

The newcomer shrugged his shoulders and cast his glance searchingly over the fringe of the crowd. It rested on a Mexican.

"Hi, Tony! come here," he called. The Mexican approached, flashing his white teeth.

"Here," said the stranger, "lend me your knife a minute."

The Mexican, anticipating sport of his own peculiar kind, obeyed with alacrity. "You fellows make me tired," observed the stranger, dismounting. "He's got the whole townful of you bluffed to a standstill. Damn if I don't try his little game."

He hung his coat on his saddle, shouldered his way through the press, which parted for him readily, and picked up the other corner of the handkerchief. "Now, you mangy son of a gun!" said he.

III—The Agreement

JED PARKER straightened his back, rolled up the bandanna handkerchief and thrust it into his pocket, hit flat with his hand the tousled mass of his hair, and thrust the long hunting knife into its sheath. "You're the man I want," said he.

Instantly the two-gun man had jerked loose his weapons and was covering the foreman.

"Am I?" he snarled. "Not just that way," explained Parker. "My gun is on my boss, and you can have this old toadsticker if you want it. I been looking for you and took this way of finding you. Now let's go talk."

The stranger looked him in the eye for nearly a half-minute without lowering his revolvers.

"I go you," said he briefly at last.

But the crowd, missing the purport, and, in fact, the very occurrence of this colloquy, did not understand. It thought the bluff had been called, and naturally, finding harmless what had intimidated it, gave way to an exasperated impulse to get even.

"You — bluffer!" shouted a voice, "don't you think you can run any such ranikaboo here!"

Jed Parker turned humorously to his companion.

"Do we get that talk?" he inquired gently.

For answer the two-gun man turned and walked steadily in the direction of the man who had shouted. The latter's hand strayed uncertainly toward his own weapon, but the movement paused when the stranger's clear steel eye rested on it.

"This gentleman," pointed out the two-gun man softly, "is an old friend of mine. Don't you get to calling of him names."

His eye swept the bystanders calmly.

"Come on, Jack," said he, addressing Parker.

On the outskirts he encountered the Mexican from whom he had borrowed the knife.

"Here, Tony," said he with a slight laugh, "here's a peso. You'll find your knife back there where I had to drop her."

He entered a saloon, nodded to the proprietor, and led the way through it to a boxlike room containing a board table and two chairs.

"Make good," he commanded briefly.

"I'm looking for a man with nerve," explained Parker with equal succinctness. "You're the man."

"Well?"

"Do you know the country south of here?"

The stranger's eyes narrowed.

"Proceed," said he.

"I'm foreman of the Lazy Y of Soda Springs Valley range," explained Parker. "I'm looking for a man with sand enough and *sabe* of the country enough to lead a posse after cattle-rustlers into the border country."

"I live in this country," admitted the stranger.

"So do plenty of others, but their eyes stick out like two raw oysters when you mention the border country. Will you tackle it?"

"What's the proposition?"

"Come out and see the old man. He'll put it to you."

They mounted their horses and rode the rest of the day. The desert compassed them about, marvelously changing shape and color and very character with all the noiselessness of phantasmagoria. At evening the desert stars shone steadily and unwinking, like the flames of candles. By moonrise they came to the home



"I'll trouble you for that five thousand"

ranch. The buildings and corrals lay dark and silent against the moonlight that made of the plain a sea of mist. The two men unsaddled their horses and turned them loose in the wire-fenced "pasture," the necessary noises of their movements sounding sharp and clear against the velvet hush of the night. After a moment they walked stiffly past the sheds and cook shanty, past the men's bunk houses and the tall windmill silhouetted against the sky, to the main building of the home ranch under its cottonwoods.

There a light still burned, for this was the third day, and Buck Johnson awaited his foreman.

Jed Parker pushed in without ceremony.

"Here's your man, Buck," said he.

The stranger had stepped inside and carefully closed the door behind him. The lamplight threw into relief the bold free lines of his face, the details of his costume powdered thick with alkali, the shiny butts of the two guns in their open holsters tied at the bottom. Equally it defined the resolute countenance of Buck Johnson turned up in inquiry. The two men examined each other—and liked each other at once.

"How are you?" greeted the cattleman.

"Good-evening," responded the stranger.

"Sit down," invited Buck Johnson.

The stranger perched gingerly on the edge of a chair, with an appearance less of embarrassment than of habitual alertness.

"You'll take the job?" inquired the Señor.

"I haven't heard what it is," replied the stranger.

"Parker here—?"

"Said you'd explain."

"Very well," said Buck Johnson; he paused a moment, collecting his thoughts. "There's too much cattle rustling here. I'm going to stop it. I've got good men here ready to take the job, but no one who knows the country south. Three days ago I had a

bunch of cattle stolen right here from the home ranch of corrals and by one man, at that. It wasn't much of a bunch—about twenty head—but I'm going to make a starter right here and now. I'm going to get that bunch back and the man who stole them if I have to go to hell to do it. And I'm going to do the same with every case of rustling that comes up from now on. I don't care if it's only one cow, I'm going to get it back—every trip. Now I want to know if you'll lead a posse down into the South country and bring out that last bunch and the man who rustled them."

"I don't know—" hesitated the stranger.

"I offer you five thousand dollars in gold if you'll bring back those cows and the man who stole 'em," repeated Buck Johnson, "and I'll give you all the horses and men you think you need."

"I'll do it," replied the two-gun man promptly.

"Good!" cried Buck Johnson, "and you better start to-morrow."

"I shall start to-night—right now."

"Better yet. How many men do you want, and grub for how long?"

"I'll play her a lone hand."

"Alone!" exclaimed Johnson, his confidence visibly cooling. "Alone! Do you think you can make her?"

"I'll be back with those cattle in not more than ten days."

"And the man," supplemented the Señor.

"And the man," argued the stranger. "What's more, I want that money here when I come in. I don't aim to stay in this country overnight."

A grin overspread Buck Johnson's countenance. He understood.

"Climate not healthy for you?" he hazarded. "I guess you'd be safe enough all right with us. But suit yourself. The money will be here."

"That's agreed?" insisted the two-gun man.

"Sure."

"I want a fresh horse—I'll leave mine—he's a good one. I want a little grub."

"All right. Parker'll fit you out."

"I'll see you in about ten days."

"Good luck," Señor Buck Johnson wished him.

IV—The Accomplishment

THE next morning Buck Johnson took a trip down into the "pasture" of five hundred wire-fenced acres.

"He means business," he confided to Jed Parker on his return. "That cavallo of his is a heap sight better than the Shorty horse we let him take. Jed, you found your man with nerve, all right. How did you do it?"

The two settled down to wait, if not with confidence, at least with interest. Sometimes, remembering the desperate character of the outlaws, their fierce distrust of any intruder, the wildness of the country, Buck Johnson and his foreman inclined to the belief that the stranger had undertaken a task beyond the powers of any one man. Again, remembering the stranger's cool gray eye, the poise of his demeanor, the quickness of his movements, and the two guns with tied holsters to permit of an easy withdrawal, they were almost persuaded that he might win.

"He's one of those long-chance fellows," surmised Jed. "He likes excitement. I could see that by the way he takes up with my knife play. He'd rather leave his hide on the fence than stay in the corral."

"Well, he's all right," replied Señor Buck Johnson, "and if he ever gets back, which same I'm some doubtful of, his dinero'll be here for him."

In pursuance of this he rode in to Willetts, where shortly the overland train brought him from Tucson the five thousand dollars in double eagles.

In the meantime the regular life of the ranch went on. Each morning Sang, the Chinese cook, rang the great bell summoning the men. They ate, and then caught up the saddle horses for the day, turning those not wanted from the corral into the pasture. Shortly they jingled away in different directions, two by two, on the slow Spanish trot of the cowpuncher. All day long thus they would ride, without food or water for man or beast, looking over the range, identifying the stock, branding the young calves, examining generally into the state of affairs, looking always with grave eyes on the magnificent flaming, changing, beautiful, dreadful desert of the Arizona plains. At evening, when the colored atmosphere, catching the last glow, threw across the Chiracahuas its veil of mystery, they jingled in again, two by two, untired, unhasting, the glory of the desert in their deep-set steady eyes.

And all that long day, while they were absent, the cattle, too, made their pilgrimage, straggling in singly, in pairs, in bunches, in long files, leisurely, ruminantly, without haste. There at the long troughs, filled by the windmill or the blindfolded pump-mule, they drank, then filed away again into the mists of the desert. And Señor Buck Johnson, or his foreman Parker, examined them for their condition, noting the increase, remarking the strays from another range. Later, perhaps, they, too, rode abroad. The same thing happened at nine other ranches, from five to ten miles apart, where dwelt other fierce, silent men, all under the authority of Buck Johnson. (Continued on page 28.)



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DRAWN BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

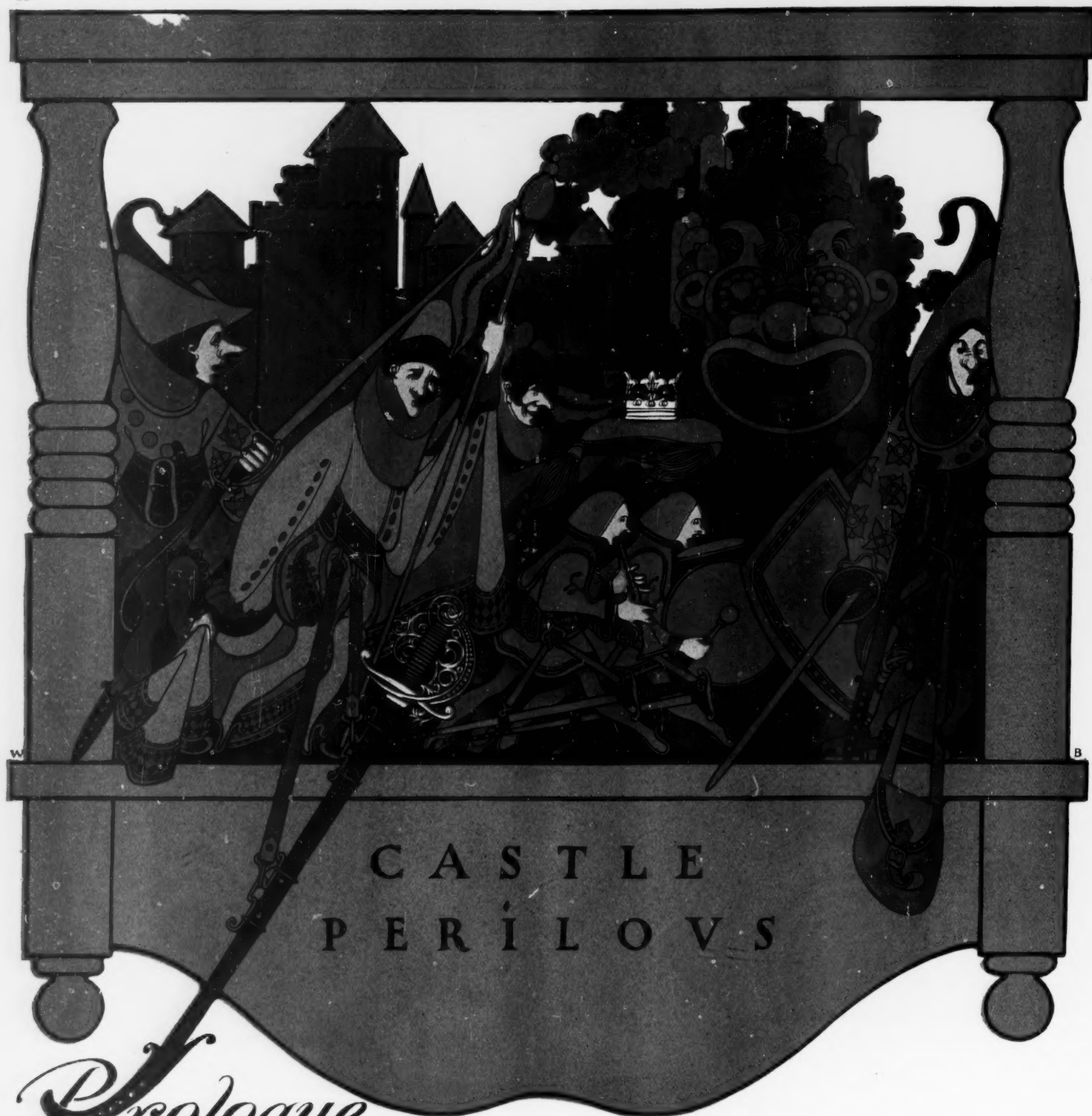
"FOREIGN CHILDREN"

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

This is the first of a series of six drawings by Miss Smith illustrating Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses"



CASTLE PERILOUS

Prologue

ONCE UPON A TIME in a Land over the Sea there lived a young and powerful King who was called by all his people The Good King Arthur. In that Realm were many Men mighty in feats of arms, and others well stored with learning. One man there was, a wondrous Magician and Master of the Black Arts. He had to name Merlin. ¶ Now you know, for it is all writ down in the great Book of Mallory, how Merlin had caused that young Arthur be given might to draw a Sword from out the solid Rock, whereby the lad gained a Kingdom. Also you have learned in that Book how many a great Lord assayed to draw that Sword and failed, whereat was fostered much of enmity. ¶ On a day when Merlin was walking in the Forest beside a fair Lake he came upon a beautiful Damosel and straightway was so smitten of Love that no more in this World might he know happiness without Her. This Damosel was called The Lady of the Lake; in league she was with many of the aforetold Lords so that in no wise might she be deemed a friend to Arthur, and ever she sought means for his undoing. ¶ Now by cause of Merlin's love for her the Lady of the Lake so wrought that in a while she learned of him the secrets of his magic. Therewith she wove a mighty spell and sleep fell upon the eyes of Merlin; then, by means of an enchantment did she place him within a Dungeon beside the Lake where ever after was he imprisoned. ¶ Over this Dungeon the Lady of the Lake now builded a great and beautiful Castle; and in the Rock beside the Castle she had carven a mighty FACE, most awful and grotesque to

look upon. When the reign of Arthur ceased, she devised by the cunning of her enchantments that there might be none other King crowned in that Land save only if he first were brought before the FACE, which would then make known by a sign what e'er might be its will. ¶ Oft it happened that he who assayed the Kingship gained nought thereby, but lost all, which same was no less a matter than his very life: thus was the Castle ever after called the CASTLE PERILOUS.

ONCE UPON A TIME, and this not many years ago, when that same Land over the Sea was called "Merrie England," there dwelt in a great, red Brick House high on the slope of a green Hill, a gruff and crusty Old Squire. With the Squire was his daughter, Peggy; a right merry, laughing lass, as bright as a May morning. There also dwelt Annette, who was Peggy's maid. Just a bit down the Hill was the snug Cottage of the Squire's Gardener, the home of the Gardener's son, Jack; as fine a lad as one might find in a day's tramp. ¶ Yet further down the Hill was the little Schoolhouse with its master, dear old Dominic Dodd. One other there was that dwelt anigh that Red Brick House, and this, the Squire's jolly coachman, Flipper. ¶ Now must you be told how—but listen, the bell rings, the curtain is going up, the play is about to begin; there will we hear all about the Squire, Peggy, Annette, Jack, Dominic Dodd, and many another, also of the strange adventures that befell them in the strange Land of the CASTLE PERILOUS.



Castle Perilous
Or ONCE VPON A TIME
An Extravaganza in 3 Acts by WILL BRADLEY



Scene I

A Wooded Hill on the Edge of the Fair Grounds

HO! HO! HO! Right this way, Gentlemen! Right this way! Right this way, Gentlemen and Ladies: We will now show you the marvelous performing Donkey."

It was one of the mountebanks who said this.

Immediately the games and singing stopped, while young and old drew to one side and made way for the wonderful performing Donkey. But not for long did that performance have full sway, for there were other mountebanks at the Fair; then, too, the folk of the booths had much to sell, and, lustily crying their wares, did a right brisk business, until presently a lad came running through the trees to tell them how the Squire's coach had broken down a bit back on the road. Off they all started to see this new sport, for well they knew the Squire, and well they knew he was like to lay the blame on Flipper, his coachman, and do that laying with his cane. Yes, off they all went, save only a group of the younger children who had been busy gathering wild flowers.

Now, one there was at the Fair that day who entered none of the games, but sat apart in the woods, intent only with his thoughts. This one was Jack. That his thoughts kept him busy there can be no doubt; for that very morn, when he had hoped to accompany Peggy to the Fair, there had come a gruff order from the Squire to be gone. A gardener's son with the daughter of a Squire, and Fair Day too—Prut! out upon him. That was what the Squire said. As for Jack, he trudged off to the Fair alone, his thoughts only on his playmate, now, alas, a playmate no longer. But a little while was he left alone, however, before being discovered by the children, who, with happy cries of "There's Jack—tell us a story, Jack," bore down upon him. Then nothing would do but he must tell them a story. So they gathered about him on a green knoll, and no sooner did he

finish the story than there must be a song, not one only, but two, and songs in which they could help in the chorus. Then he bade them skip off and play, which they did after giving him a big bouquet of the wild flowers.

Again it was not willed that Jack should remain long alone, for presently a pair of hands were slipped over his just back of him said, "Guess who?" Guess he did, and guess right too, as he clasped the hands and pulled them and their owner around into view where he might see the sweet, pretty face of, whom do you think? Well, no less a person than Peggy. "O! Jack, such a lark," said Peggy. "The wheel came off the coach, and—and—well, there isn't time to tell you all now, but I just skipped and here I am, so let's go and see the booths before the Squire comes."

Lucky for them that Jack waited no second bidding. Down a glade they ran just as the people returned, and with them the Squire, now scolding and as mad as ever a body might see—"Ods bodikins," he would teach Flipper a lesson for that. Then he bethought him of Peggy, and with the thought came also a glimpse of that same little body with Jack among the booths in the field below. "Ods bodikins," said the Squire again, "so they think to trick me this way, do they? Well, we will see," and off he hastened down the glade.

Few of the folk were of a mind to follow the Squire, for they thought him little like to run down his quarry; then, too, there was one of the mountebanks crying his marvelous feats. "See, Gentlemen and Ladies," said the mountebank, "I have here an empty hat," placing his hand as he spoke upon the beaver of old Dominic Dodd, while that article still reposed upon the head of its owner. Whisking it off and deftly turning it over, the mountebank tapped it lightly with his wand, calling, "Behold, from emptiness springeth wisdom; here from the hollow of a hat I draw abundant knowledge," and therewith he tossed before them a great clucking, yellow goose.

"So you would make sport of an old man, would you?" It was Annette said this; she had just joined the group and saw little to laugh at in this last trick of





the mountebank. Quick as a wink she slipped the crook of her parasol under a rung of the stool on which the showman stood, and the next moment that worthy was floundering in the dust, while all about him, in a sorry heap, were the tools of his trade. I, for one, think he got but what he earned.

Lively times you will think they had at the Fair that morn, and in this you think but the bare truth. Scarce had the showman picked himself up when the folk were attracted by the Squire's rawboned old white steed, now ambling slowly along the road, its back burdened with all sorts of band-boxes and hampers. This was not all its load, however, for no sooner were these tumbled off than there came into view—Flipper. Yes, there on the old white steed sat the Squire's jolly coachman, Flipper.

When Flipper saw all about him the group of merry faces, and among them no trace of the sour visage of the Squire, then for very joy he burst into a rollicking song, in which the folk joined right merrily. After this Flipper was for having a peep about in the booths. "What have we here?" said he, looking at this, that, and the other thing being offered for sale. Well, that was so and so, and this so and so, he was told, until at last he came to a little old woman with a peaked nose and a peaked cap, who was selling small vials. "Humph!" said Flipper, when the little old woman whispered in his ear an answer to his question. "Shure 'tis not the likes o' me would be needin' that, but I know one who would be glad o' a wee drop." It was a love potion the little old woman was a-selling, for you must know she was a famous witch-wife: a love potion like unto the wondrous brew Tristram drank with Isolt.

By this time prizes were being awarded at the sports in the field below and thither all the folk departed, save only Annette, Dominie

Dodd, and Flipper, who were still before the booth of the witch-wife. To this group now came Jack and Peggy, who, for the time, had eluded the Squire. Not long was Flipper in putting before them the virtues of the love potion, and all deemed it a lark that Jack and Peggy should drink of it together. All, did I say? Well, not quite all, for unknown to them they had been joined by another. "A love potion, is it? Well, we'll see about that," and the Squire, tearing through the bushes, seized the vial and, turning, madly dashed it against a ledge of rock that jutted from out the hillside.

Well, no sooner did the vial strike the ledge than there burst forth a flash of flame, and a great opening was torn in the rocks, revealing a beautiful door all wrought in rich metals and hung on heavy hinges. Then the door opened and there came out two comical little gnomes with big heads and curious dress. Scarce were the gnomes out of the cave and on each side of the opening than there was a bright light within which ever grew brighter and brighter until out tripped a Fairy. My! but this Fairy was beautiful! So beautiful she was that of all the glorious richness of her raiment I can only tell you this: it was just one mass of glint and glitter, as of rare jewels wrapt in bright sunlight. Yes, out she tripped, stepping lightly and daintily, and all the while waving her wand and singing.

Well, so sweet were the words of that song that, clipperty cric, first thing the Squire and Jack and Peggy and Dominie Dodd and Flipper and Annette knew they were footing it all about after the Fairy. Then—well, then what did the Fairy do but lead them right up to the opening in the rock, where she waved her wand, and, one, two, three, one after the other, into the cave they all went, and after them went the Fairy, and after the Fairy the two gnomes; then the door swung to, the rocks rolled back, and all was as before.

Scene II

The Magic Forest, wherein are the Wondrous Woods and the Laughing Trees. There, also, is the Hollow of the Rolling Rocks

MY! but it was dark in the cave—so dark they could see nothing, save only in the distance there appeared one little dot of light. Toward this dot then they bent their way, all the while listening to the sweet song of the Fairy. Bigger and bigger grew the dot, which as they drew near proved to be an opening in the cave wall. Through this opening they followed the Fairy and came out into a new land. Lucky for them it was, I can tell you, that the Fairy had never ceased singing until they were all safely out, for no sooner did she reach the last word of that song than there was a most frightful din of howling and screeching within the cave. Lucky, too, it was for them that they had climbed down and away from the opening, for now this was filled with the ugly head of a great Ogre.

"Ugh! Ugh! I smell fresh meat! Who stole my dinner? Bring back my dinner," said the Ogre, as he tore madly at the rocks with his sharp claws. He gave them



all a good scare, I can tell you, but he did not dare to come out, for there stood the Fairy, who presently waved her wand and sang, and at the first note the Ogre closed his eyes and fell asleep as his head tumbled back again within his lair.

Then the Fairy spoke unto them and said: "Now have I brought you safely through the Den of the Questing Beast, and no need is there that I should go further, but this is to be told, thou art now on the way to the Wondrous Woods which lie over yonder. Fare on till thou comest to the passage of the Rolling Rocks; then, if thy path be picked with care, thou mayest come from out this land and into a new that is called the Delightful Dale, wherein is the Castle Perilous."

The Delightful Dale and the Castle Perilous; yes, that is what the Fairy said; but the Squire and Jack and Peggy and the others had no notion of going there. No, what they wanted was to get back home again; so they looked one at the other and knew not what to say. At last, however, the Squire found his tongue, and his tongue found words and rolled them out, one tumbling over the other. "No! no! no!" said he. "What care we for the Delightful Dale, as thou callest it. Our own good dale is delightful enough for us; and the Perilous Castle, prut, there be peri's enough, and to spare, right here that one need go no long way seeking them. Just show us the way home, for of no mind are

(Continued on page 25)

THE RHYME TO PORRINGER

IN WHICH A DASHING YOUNG JACOBITE RESCUES HIS LADY, AND LOVE PROVES SUPERIOR TO POLITICS

BY

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER



T WAS hard upon ten in the evening when I left Lady Culcheth's, and I protest that at that hour there was not a happier man in all Tunbridge than Francis Audaine.

"You haven't the king?" Miss Allonby was saying, as I made my adieus to the company. "Then, I play queen, knave, and ten, which gives me the game, Lord Humphrey." And afterward she shuffled the cards and flashed a glance at me across the room whose brilliance shamed the tawdry candles about her, and, as you can readily conceive, roused a prodigious trepidation in my adoring breast.

"Dorothy! O Dorothy!" I said, over and over again, when I had reached the street, and so went homeward with constant repetitions of her dear name. I dare say 'twas an idiotic piece of business, but you are to remember that I loved her with an entire heart, and that, as yet, I could scarcely believe that the confession of a reciprocal attachment I had wrung from her earlier in the evening was more than an unusually delectable and audacious dream on the part of Frank Audaine.

I found it a heady joy to ponder on her loveliness as I went homeward that night. Oh, the wonder of her voice, that is a love song! cried my heart. Oh, the candid eyes of her, more beautiful than the June heavens, more blue than the very bluest speedwell flower! Oh, the tilt of her tiny chin and the incredible gold of her hair, and the quite unbelievable pink-and-white of her little flower-smile! And oh, that scrap of crimson that is her mouth! In a word, my pulses throbbed with a sort of divine insanity, and Frank Audaine was as much out of his senses as any madman now in Bedlam, and as deliciously perturbed as any lover usually is when he meditates upon the object of his affections.

But there was other work than sonneting afoot that night, which shortly I set about. Yet such was my felicity that I found myself singing over it. Yes, it rang in my ears, somehow, that silly old Scotch song, and under my breath I hummed odd snatches of it as I went about the business. Sang I:

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger."

"Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!"

"The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
To budge we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
King James shall hae his ain again!"

II

WELL! matters went smoothly enough at the start. With a diamond, Vanringham dexterously cut out a pane of glass, so that we had little difficulty in opening the window, and presently I climbed into a room black as a pocket, leaving him on the watch outside. As far as I could ascertain, the house was, for the present, untenanted.

But some twenty minutes later, just as I had finally succeeded in forcing the escritoire I found in the back room on the second story, I heard the street door open softly. You can conceive that 'twas with no pleasurable anticipations that I peered into the hall, for I was fairly trapped. There I saw some five or six men of an ugly aspect, who carried a burden among them, whose nature I could not determine in the uncertain light. But I heaved a sigh of relief as they bore it past me to the front room, opening into the one I occupied apparently without being aware of my presence.

"Now," thinks I, "is the time for my departure." And selecting such papers as I had need of from the rifled desk, I was about to run for it, when I heard a well-known voice.

"Rat the parson!" it cried, "he should have been here an hour ago. Here's the door left open for him, endangering the whole venture, and whey-face hain't

plucked up heart to come! Do some of you rogues fetch him without delay, and do all of you meet me here to-morrow to be paid in full."

"Here," thinks I, "is beyond doubt a romance." And as the men tumbled downstairs and into the street I resolved to see it through.

I waited for perhaps ten minutes, during which time I heard some one moving about in the next room, and judging that in my case there was but one man's anger to be apprehended, I crept gently toward the intervening door and found it luckily a trifle ajar.

So I peered through the crack into the next room, and there, as I had anticipated, I discovered Lord Humphrey Degge, whom I had last seen at Lady Culcheth's wrangling over a game of *écarté* with the fairest antagonist the universe could afford—to wit, Miss Dorothy Allonby. Just now my lord was in a state of considerable agitation, and the reason of this was evident when I saw that his ruffians had borne into the house a swooning lady, whom merciful unconsciousness had happily rendered oblivious of her present surroundings, and whose wrists his lordship was now slapping vigorously as he applied a flask of sal volatile to her nostrils.

The situation was awkward, for I had no desire to announce my whereabouts, my business in the house being of a nature that necessitated secrecy. On the other hand, I could not but think that Lord Humphrey's intentions toward the unknown fair one were of a discreditable sort, such as a gentleman might not countenance. Accordingly, I availed myself of the few moments during which the lady was recovering from her swoon, and devoted them to serious reflection concerning the course I should preferably adopt.

Finally Miss came to, and, as is the custom of all

conduct toward her, and depicted the horrors of her present predicament in terms that were both just and elegant. From their disjointed talk I soon ascertained that, Lord Humphrey's suit being rejected by my angel, he had laid a trap for her (by bribing her coachman, as I subsequently learned), and had so far succeeded in his nefarious scheme that she, after leaving Lady Culcheth's, had been driven to this house and not homeward, as she had anticipated; and this course my lord endeavored to justify with a certain eloquence, attributing the irregularity of his behavior solely to the great vehemence of his love. His oratory, however, was of little avail; for Dorothy told him plainly that she had rather hear the protestations of a toad than listen to his more nauseous flattery, and bade him at once restore her to her natural guardians.

"Ma charmante," said he, "to-morrow your good stepmother will undoubtedly have the pleasure of saluting Lady Dorothy Degge, but as for Miss Dorothy Allonby, I doubt if her acquaintances are likely to see much of her in the future."

"You mean—?" cries she.

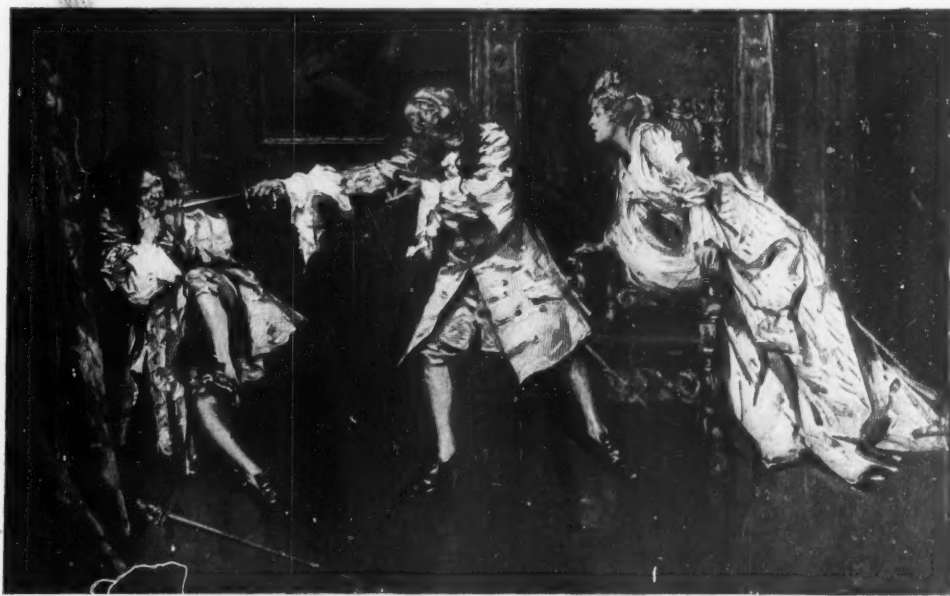
"That the parson will be here directly," says he.

"Infamous!" cries she. "Do you intend to marry me, then, by force?"

"What else?" says my lord, grinning.

Whereupon Dorothy began to scream at the top of her voice.

I question if any gentleman was ever placed in a more delicate position. Yonder was the object of my devotion exposed to all the diabolical machinations of a heartless villain, and here was I concealed in my lord's library, his desk broken open and his papers in my pocket. To remain quiet was to expose her to a fate worse than death, but to reveal myself was to confess Frank Audaine a thief, to lose her perhaps irretrievably.



HE WRITHED FOR A MOMENT, MUCH IN THE MANNER OF A COCKCHAFER

females similarly situated, rubbed her eyes and said, "Where am I?"

And when she rose from the divan I saw that 'twas my adored Dorothy.

"In the presence of your infatuated slave," says my lord. "Ah, divine Miss Allonby—"

But, being now fully aware of her deplorable surroundings, she began to weep, and in spite of the amorous rhetoric with which his lordship was prompt to comfort her, rebuked him vigorously for his unmanly

Then I thought of the mask I had brought in case of emergency, and, clapping it on, resolved to brazen the matter out. There was a chance—the barest chance—that in the half-light of the room neither would recognize me.

Meanwhile, I saw all notions of gallantry turned topsy-turvy, for my lord was laughing quietly, while my adored Dorothy called aloud upon the name of her Maker.

"The neighborhood is not unaccustomed to such

sounds," says he, "and I hardly think we need fear any interruption. I must tell you, my dear creature, you have by an evil chance arrived in a most evil locality, for this quarter of the town is the Devil's own country, and he is scarcely like to make you free of it."

"My dear sir," said I, pushing open the door, "surely you forget that the Devil is a gentleman?"

III

IF I had dropped a hand-grenade into the apartment, the astonishment of its occupants could not have been greater. My lord's face as he clapped his hand to his sword was neither tranquil nor altogether agreeable to contemplate. As for Dorothy, she gave a frightened little cry and ran toward the masked intruder with a piteous confidence that wrung my heart.

"The Devil!" says my lord.

"Not precisely," I amended, bowing in my best manner—"though 'tis true that I came to act as his representative."

"Indeed?" his lordship sneered.

"Dear sir," said I courteously, "as you with perfect justice have stated, this is the Devil's stronghold, and hereabout his will is paramount, and, as I have had the honor to add, the Devil is a gentleman. Surely, as such, he can not be expected to countenance your present behavior? Still, Lucifer, already up to the ears in the affairs of this mundane sphere, can scarcely express his disapproval in person. He tenders his apologies, sir, and sends in his stead your servant, with whose merits he is indifferently acquainted."

"To drop this mummery," says Lord Humphrey, "what are you doing in my lodgings?"

"Sir," I responded, "I came hither, I confess, without invitation. And with equal candor, I will admit that my present need is rather of your lordship's tableware, jewels, and such like trifles than of—will you force me to say it?—than of your company."

So saying, I drew and placed myself on guard, while my lord gasped.

"You're the most impudent rogue," says he, after he had recovered himself a little, "that I ever had the pleasure of meeting—"

"Your lordship is all kindness," I protested.

"—but your impudence is worth the price of whatever you may have pilfered. Go, my good man—or devil, if you so prefer to style yourself! Tell Lucifer that he is well served, and depart to the infernal regions with all speed. For, as you have doubtless learned, Miss and I have many private matters to discuss. And, gad, Mr. Moloch, pleasant as is your conversation, you must see I can not allow evil spirits about the house without getting it an ill reputation. So pardon me if I exorcise you with this."

He spoke boldly and as he ended tossed me a purse. I let it lay where it fell, for I had by no means ended my argument.

"Sir," said I, "my errand, which began with the acquisition of goblets, studs, and such, now reaches to that of a treasure yet more precious."

"Enough!" he cried impatiently. "Begone, and be thankful that my present business is of such an urgent nature as to prevent my furnishing the rope that will one day adorn your neck."

"That's as may be," quoth I, "and, indeed, I doubt if I could abide drowning, for 'tis a damp, unwholesome death. But my fixed purpose, to cut short all debate, is to escort Miss Allonby hence."

"Truly?" sneers my lord. "Mr. Moloch, I have borne with your insolence for a quarter of an hour—"

"Twenty minutes," said I, after consulting my watch.

"—but I'll put up with it no longer, and I take the liberty of suggesting that this is none of your affair."

"After all," I conceded, "your lordship speaks with some justice, and we must in common decency leave the final decision to Miss here."

I bowed to her. There was a curious bewilderment in her face that made me fear lest, for all my mask, for all my feigned voice, Dorothy at least suspected my identity. The apprehension turned me sick as I spoke.

"Miss Allonby," said I, in a voice that trembled, "as I am unknown to you, may I trust that you will permit me to present myself? My name—though, indeed, I have many names—is for the present Frederick Thomasson; with my father's name and estates I can not accommodate you, inasmuch as a certain mystery attaches to his identity; as for my mother, suffice it to say that she was a vivacious brunette of a large acquaintance, and generally known to the public as Miss Mary Waters. I began life as a pickpocket; since then I have so far improved my natural gifts that the police are kind enough to value my person at several hundred pounds. My rank in society, as you perceive, is not exalted; yet, if you choose to lodge information, I do not doubt that I shall on some subsequent Friday move in far higher circles than any nobleman who chances to be on Tyburn Hill at the time. But to dispense with my poor self. My lord is

master of two castles in England and an estate in Ireland, that I know of; he is a gentleman of breeding and is well known at court; he is accounted a fairly good match. Incidentally, he is a scoundrel. But since Lady Allonby doubtless grows impatient by this late hour, let us have done with further exposition, and remember that 'tis time you selected an escort to her residence. May I ask that you choose between my lord and myself, who chance to be the only persons available?"

She looked us over, first one, then the other. Then she laughed—and if I had never seen her before, I could have found it in my heart to love her for the sweet insolence of her mirth alone.

"After all," said my adored Dorothy, "I prefer the rogue who has at least the decency to wear a mask when he goes about his knaveries."

"That, my lord," said I, "is fairly conclusive, and so we will be gone."

"Over my dead body!" says he.

"Dear sir," I protested, "we are quite indifferent as to the road."

This stung him to the quick, and with an oath he drew, as I was heartily glad to observe, for I can not help thinking that, when it comes to the last, steel is the only true arbiter between gentlemen. So we crossed blades, and, pursuing my usual tactics, I began upon a flow of words, which course I have learned by

put upon her; then, with a ferocity which surprised me in one of such gentle aspect, hissed, "Kill him!"

"My adorable Miss Allonby," said I, "do not, I pray you, thus slander the canine species! And, meanwhile, permit me to remind you that 'tis scarcely safe to remain here. The parson will arrive ere long, and if it be to bury rather than to marry Lord Humphrey—well, after all, the House of Lords is a large body."

"Come!" said she, and took my arm. And so we went downstairs and into the street.

IV

SHE spoke not a word on the way homeward. Vanringham had taken to his heels when my lord's people came, so we saw nothing of him. But when we had come safely to Lady Allonby's villa, on a sudden Dorothy began to laugh, though not very mirthfully.

"Captain Audaine," says she, in a wearied, scornful voice, "I know that the hour is very late, yet there are certain matters to be settled between us that I think will scarcely admit of delay. I pray you, then, grant me ten minutes' conversation."

She had known me all along, you see; trust the dullest woman to play *Œdipus* when Love sets the riddle. So there was nothing for me to do save clap my mask into my pocket and follow her, sheepishly enough, to one of the salons, where a gaping footman made a light for us at Dorothy's solicitation.

She left me there to kick my heels to and fro in a solitude of some moments' duration. But presently my dear mistress came into the room, her arms full of trinkets and knick-knacks, which she flung upon a table.

"Here's your ring, Captain Audaine," says she, drawing it from her finger. "I did not wear it long, did I? And here's the miniature you gave me, too. I—I used to kiss it every night, you know. And here's a flower you dropped at Lady Pevensey's. I picked it up—oh, very secretly—because you had worn it, you understand. And here's—" But at this point she fairly broke down and cast her round white arms about the heap of trinkets and strained them close to her, and bowed her imperious golden head above them in anguish. "Oh, how I loved you! how I loved you!" she sobbed. "And all the while you were only a common thief!"

"Dorothy—" I pleaded.

"Oh, you shame me, you shame me past utterance!" she cried, in a storm of mingled tears and laughter. "Here's this bold Captain Audaine, who comes to Tunbridge from God knows where, and wins a maid's love and proves in the end but a beggarly housebreaker! Mr. Congreve might make a mirthful comedy of this, might he not?" Then she rose to her feet stiffly. "Take your gifts, Mr. Thief," says she, pointing. "Take them, and for God's sake let me not see you again."

So I was forced to make a clean breast of it.

"Dorothy," said I, "ken ye the rhyme to porringer?"

But she only stared at me blankly through unshed tears. Presently, though, I hummed over the old song:

*"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had
as daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger."*

"And the Oranger filched his crown," said I, "and drove King James—God bless him!—out of his kingdom. That was a long time ago, my dear, but Dutch William left the stolen crown to Anne, and Anne, in turn,

left it to German George. So that now the Elector of Hanover reigns at St. James's, while the true king's son skulks in France yonder, with never a roof to shelter him. And there are certain gentlemen, Dorothy, who do not consider that this is right."

"You are a Jacobite?" says she. "Well, what has that to do with the matter?"

"Simply that Lord Humphrey is not of my way of thinking, my dear. Lord Humphrey!—pah, Degge is Walpole's paid spy, I tell you. He followed Vanringham to Tunbridge on account of this business. And to-day, when Vanringham set out for Avignon, he was stopped a mile from the Wells by a couple of Lord Humphrey's fellows, disguised as highwaymen, and all his papers stolen. To-morrow they would have been in Walpole's hands. And then—" I paused to allow myself a whistle.

She came a little toward me, in the prettiest possible glow of bewilderment. "I—I do not understand," she murmured. "Oh, Frank, Frank! then are you not a thief after all? Are you really not named Thomasson?"

"I am most assuredly not Frederick Thomasson," said I, "nor do I know if any such person exists, for I never heard the name before to-night. Yet for all that, I am a most unmitigated thief. Why, do you not understand? What Vanringham carried was a petition from some two hundred Scotch and English gentlemen that our gracious Prince Charlie be pleased to come over and take back his own from the Elector. 'Twas rebellion, flat rebellion, and the very highest treason, I tell you! Had Walpole seen the paper, within a month all our heads had been blackening over Temple Bar. (Continued on p. 28.)



THE MADCAP SPRANG UPON A FOOTSTOOL AND WAVED HER FAN

experience frequently disconcerts an adversary far more than any trick of the sword can do. I pressed him sorely, and he continued to give way, but clearly for tactical purposes, and without permitting the bright flash of steel that shielded his heart to swerve an instant from the line.

"Miss Allonby," said I, growing impatient, "have you never seen a venomous insect pinned to the wall? In that case, I pray you to attend more closely. For one has only to parry—thus! And thrust—in this fashion! And behold, the thing is done!"

In fact, my lord, having by this time been run through the chest, was safely affixed to the paneling at the extreme end of the apartment; where he writhed for a moment, much in the manner of a cockchafer whom mischievous urchins have pinned to a card, his mien and gesticulation being very suggestive of the torments of the damned as they are so strikingly depicted by the Italian Dante. He tumbled down in a heap, though, now that I sheathed my sword and bowed toward my charmer.

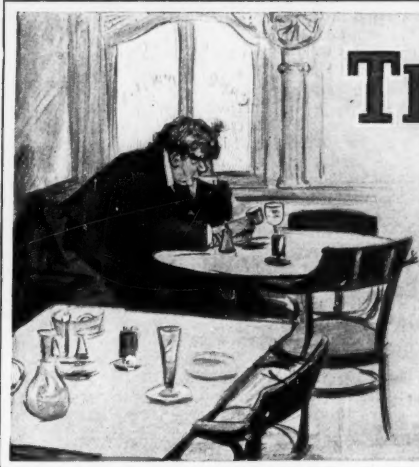
"Miss Allonby," said I, "it may be that you are expected?"

She had watched the combat with wide, frightened eyes. Now she drew nearer and looked curiously at my lord where he had fallen.

"Have you killed him?" she asked, in a hushed voice.

"Dear me, no!" I protested. "The life of a peer's son is too valuable a matter; he will be little the worse for it in a week."

"The dog!" cried she, overcome with pardonable indignation at the affront the misguided nobleman had



THE GOLDEN AGE of POINCARRE by STANHOPE SAMS.



ANY ONE who occasionally visited the so-called "Bohemian" cafés of New York a few years ago must have seen Monsieur Poincarre. For he was constantly in all of them—never long in any particular one—so that one received the impression that he was going certain rounds, as if he were inspecting outposts. The waiters, also, would point him out—"That is Monsieur Poincarre." As to who, precisely, was Monsieur Poincarre few could tell, for he had already become a sort of tradition, and, like all traditions, had lost something in clearness of outline in passing from memory to memory. He had done something—just what, no one could definitely say; but there had been that in his career which gave him at least a vague place and a small irradiation of fame.

He was of short stature and inclined to stoutness in middle age, as is apt to be the case with one of French blood and French habits of life. His hair was still curled, although it was now grizzled, and it hung in a great tangled sheaf above his low forehead and about his short neck, giving to his little round head the appearance of a lion with a too luxuriant mane. His black eyes shone beneath shaggy brows, as he kept his vigilant outlook upon life.

It had long been observed that he always sat in a certain corner of each café, from which he could see everything that went on and every one that entered. So keen and eager was his interest that he seemed the visible symbol of the drifting and agitated existence of the place. He always ordered frugally, and would sit for a while, but no more quietly than a foraging hawk, and would nibble at a sandwich or biscuit and cheese and sip a small cup of black coffee or a glass of cheap wine. His eyes were never at rest. They ranged everywhere. He seemed to know all that came or went, and a glance at the face of each newcomer was enough; the eyes immediately sought other prey. He spoke to no one, and no one spoke to him, though many paused to look at him with curiosity. At such a time his eyes flashed with pleasure. When he had finished his coffee or glass of wine, he would rise hastily and leave the café, as if time had suddenly become important. But if any one had followed, he would have seen Monsieur Poincarre go to a similar restaurant, take a seat in his accustomed corner, order wine or coffee, and resume his eager vigil.

The achievement that made Poincarre an interesting figure in Bohemia, and the blurred memory of which still remained as a dim and fast-fading nimbus, happened many years ago. It came to him partly because his name was so provokingly French, and partly because French blood must flow in something of a French way.

He had been known as "Monsieur" Poincarre from the time he came to "the States" to seek a fortune where so many other Canadians had found theirs. After a few years in a banking house in Boston, he came on to New York. Here a certain French facility in accounts won him a limited recognition, and he obtained a comfortable though small position in a sober, old-fashioned business house on Broadway, in the section known as the Tenderloin. His fellow-clerks, both in Boston and in New York, called him "Monsieur," because it was impossible to use "Mister" before such a Gallic name as "Poincarre." And this "Monsieur," which he hated, because he wanted to be quite ordinary and quite American, was a constant temptation.

"Oh, Monsieur Poincarre!" gayly called to him one of his fellow-clerks as he stood near the window one day at noon, looking vacantly into the street, "let's go over to Marilla's to lunch; we can see something there."

"No, I thank you," said Poincarre. "I don't care for that sort of thing to-day." He usually qualified in this way his many refusals to join in the gayeties of his companions.

"Do you ever care for that sort of thing?"

"Well, no," confessed Poincarre.

"Swallow your lunch, then"—Poincarre always

brought a cheap luncheon consisting of a tongue or egg sandwich—"and let's take a stroll up Broadway."

"I don't think I care for that, either," said Poincarre, with a little smile.

"Well," one would think, with that name of yours, Monsieur, you would have some sporting blood in you!"

Poincarre smiled again but said nothing. Sport, gaiety? He had never known what they meant. The old house in which he had found a haven was not one more unmoved than he by the tossing life of the quarter. The tide of abandon had swept upward and engulfed it, but it stood out like a rock amid the foam and flashing spray—flecked, but unshaken. Poincarre had sat at the same high and sombre desk, by the same broad but sombre window, for six years. From the cool, steady atmosphere of his haven he had looked out, like a sturdy sentry, on the ebb and flow of the Tenderloin's shoreless life.

He was now beyond twenty-eight; that is, he had reached the age when a Frenchman thinks romance and sentiment impossible, or, worse, incredible. But the French blood only slept, and the Tenderloin was calling to it day and night. And, again, it was spring, and spring is felt even in the Tenderloin, which reveals its frondescence in gaudier and more fluttering colors.

For a while Poincarre held before his mind the temptation he had resisted for six years. How long would his young companions in the office, whose native gaiety the sober traditions of the old house could not chill, continue inviting him to join them in their pleasures and he be brave enough to refuse? He had again put aside the temptation, but he remembered that this was the first time he had had to think it down. It was, at best, only a tawdry thing—offering, for the most part, only vulgar pleasures; but there it was, ever before him, its bright color and its bold laughter contrasting sharply with his own gloomy and sordid existence.

A few days later, at noon, Poincarre was sitting at his desk. All of his fellow-clerks had gone to luncheon and he was alone. The cool sweet air was stealing in the half-raised window and a fragrant swath of sunlight rested upon the street. All nature spoke to his senses; he rose and gazed long out of the window. The women, who chiefly made up the passing throng, were in gay dresses that were shaken like banners in the gentle breeze. Their sharp heels clattered on the pavement. They chatted gayly with one another or with their men escorts. They seemed unusually pretty. Their animated looks, their seductive laughter, the rattle of cabs, the stir and life in the air—all suggested pleasure—the pleasure of a Frenchman. He had never tasted this life. Alas! he had never been in Paris, nor even in Quebec. The office became suddenly dull and oppressive; he seemed chained to the floor; the great plate-glass window was the barred grating of a cell. He was quick and alive in every drop of his blood. He thirsted for a plunge into the uncharted and unbeaconed current. Why should he live and die a mere drudge—a caged beast? His soul demanded something besides—life and the joy of living, which rushed as a torrent by his window all day and through the deep canyon streets at night. Seizing his hat with a sudden resolution he strode out of the door—and the same Poincarre never entered it again.

He almost ran up Broadway. The street seemed strange and new to him and aflood with life. After a while he entered a small café that invited him with its bustle and gay scene, and he ate his luncheon with something of the feeling of a truant on his first breach of discipline, but he felt that he was free, and mingling with men and women with a new sense of

liberty. He returned to the office by his usual afternoon hour, counseled by a deeply ingrained thriftiness, but in the evening he failed for the first time in his long-established habits—to go straight to his little promenade, his light dinner in a cheap East Side restaurant, and then to his narrow hall bedroom. He found himself lingering in the streets and stopping to peep into the garish cafés ablaze with electric lights that flashed on many jewels, and redolent with the heavy perfumes used by the women of the quarter. Several times he walked eastward in Thirty-second Street, but could not cross Fifth Avenue. It seemed the bright bound of his awakened fancy, and beyond it was gloom and outer darkness.

At last he strolled into a café famous as the most Bohemian resort in that part of the city. Here he sat for two hours, eating dishes with queer German names that suggested far-away inns whose labels he had seen on the baggage of European travelers; drinking light German wines that he had read were drunk in amazing quantities by students at Heidelberg; listening to languorous Hungarian airs played by musicians in gaudy uniforms, and watching an ever-shifting throng of eaters and drinkers—chatting and laughing as if life were fused into one golden current. His old sordid existence was forgotten. Never again could he be what he had been. Toward midnight he went reluctantly to his room. He had only one thought—he must see more of this new world, must be a part of it.

This was Poincarre's introduction to the life that finally tempted him beyond his strength. From that night he began to make small changes in his manner of living, as his modest income permitted—a transformation quickly noted by his fellow-clerks, who announced their discovery by giving to "Monsieur" and "Poincarre" a still more exasperatingly nasal twang. Necessity chained his body to the grim old office desk, but his unfettered soul was henceforth abroad in the street.

One evening of the following winter, as he sat slowly sipping his black coffee in the restaurant that had first lured him and in which he still found the centre of his new interests, his attention was attracted by a whisper in French quite near him. He had been so engaged by his own pleasant reflections that he had not observed that a detached table near him had been taken by two men and a girl. They were conversing in an agitated manner, but in such low tones that the hissing whisper was the first sound that reached him.

"It is so simple, *mon cher Paul*, you would be a



He took from an inner pocket a soiled paper

coward," said the sibilant whisper, which was so keen with its implicit insult it must have cut the brain of the man to whom it was addressed—"you would be a coward, if you shrunk now!"

Poincarre did not turn, but he found that the three persons near him were perfectly reflected in an op-

posite mirror. He caught their reflection in time to see the girl lean back after her stinging whisper, as a serpent recoils after delivering its blow. The man, who was young and very dark, with a face almost covered by a closely cropped beard, turned pale and smiled in a dazed way, as if the insult both wounded and disarmed him.

"I am no coward, mademoiselle," he said at last, "nor am I a fool. The thing is merely impossible."

"But we have made it possible and easy," said the second and elder man. He wore a heavy black mustache so decisively turned up at the ends that the sharp waxed points menaced his eyes as he sneered.

The younger man seemed overwhelmed by the union of forces against him. He sat silent, looking into his empty wine-glass. The others regarded him with anxiety, and yet with ill-disguised contempt. He seemed necessary to their plans. The girl exchanged with the elder of the two men a swift glance that revealed a close intimacy and a mutual scorn of their companion. She was a dark woman of the south, with rich warm blood tints in her cheeks, and her hair and eyes were resplendently black. Her figure was slender and it swayed gently as she talked with great animation, and her manner showed that she was accustomed to the homage of men. She now seemed to be enjoying the sight of the torture she had inflicted upon Paul, and was yet watching for an opportunity to win him over to her purpose by a fine stroke.

"You know, Paul," she said, when his eyes began to wander uneasily from the wine-glass, "you know it must be done, if you—"

"Yes," said he impatiently, looking up instantly into

the great robbery that had been committed the night before. One of the younger clerks was recounting the sensational details for the twentieth time as Poincaré seated himself at his desk.

"That was a lovely robbery," he said, rejoicing in a new listener.

"Lovely what?" asked Poincaré.

"Lovely robbery!—a million in diamonds—and gagged in her opera-box!"

"Ah!" said Poincaré. He was only languidly interested. "What was it?"

"Why, you have been asleep! Last night Mrs. Van der Hoven was gagged in her box at the opera, and robbed of all diamonds and gems—"

"Worth a million dollars," said another.

"And in the presence of three thousand people," shouted a third.

"And under the noses of a dozen policemen and private detectives."

"And the robbers escaped!"

"How many robbers were there?" asked Poincaré.

"Two," said the young clerk.

"Only two? Not three?"

"Why three?"

"Oh! nothing. I only thought two would not be enough for such a bold affair."

"That was plenty. They did the job neatly, gagging both women—"

"Both? You said at first they gagged Mrs. Van der Hoven!"

"But they had to gag the Countess de Marbœuf also, as she was in the box."

"Who is the Comtesse de Marbœuf?"

"The French countess who has been visiting Mrs. Van der Hoven for a month."

"A month?—a month—did you say?"

"Yes, but what difference does that make?"

"Oh! none, but you said 'a month'?"

"Yes, one month!"

"But the robbery!—tell me about it!"

"You see the house is darkened in the second act for exactly one minute for some scenic effect. Well, just before the lights were turned off, Countess de Marbœuf asked Mr. Haydon, who was with them, to take back a pin or something she had borrowed from a young lady sitting some distance away. Before Haydon returned the lights went out. Persons who were near

heard queer sounds in Mrs. Van der Hoven's box, but suspected nothing. Then there was a sharp scream—from a young lady who had been run into and nearly upset by a man coming out of the box.

"A panic followed. Women shrieked; the lights were instantly turned back on, and the entire audience was seen to be standing and in great excitement. Just then, according to the police, two men were seen running from the direction of the Van der Hoven box."

"They escaped, you said."

"Yes, but the police came near catching the younger of the two—"

"The man with closely cropped black beard?"

"I thought you hadn't read the story?"

"I haven't; you said he had closely cropped beard, didn't you?"

"No, but he did have. Well, Mulcahy, the plainclothes man made a dash for the two, when the older man called out something that no one understood, though a dozen people, besides the police, heard it."

"The older man," interrupted Poincaré—"how did he look?"

"Oh! a heavy-set dark fellow, with a long black mustache."

"Waxed points!" cried Poincaré, "and twisted up to his eyes like this!" and he made a grotesque gesture and grimace.

"Exactly! But how do you know?"

"I've seen that kind of mustache—that's all. And the young fellow?"

"Dashed into the crowd, which was blinded by the sudden turning on of the electric lights, and disappeared. The other one had already got out by one of the side exits."

"He said something to the young fellow. What do the police think it was?"

"They never think—they guess."

"But they heard it!"

"Yes, Mulcahy says he heard something that sounded like 'fopor.'"

"No! no!" cried Poincaré, leaping from his chair—"Bow-por! bow-por! it was 'bow-por!'"

"How the d—l do you know?"

"I heard it! It was 'bow-por!'"

"Were you there?"

"There? there? Ah! I see!—No! I wasn't there, but I heard it!"

"Well! you are a crazy Mongshoo!"

Poincaré gave no heed to the jeering laughter of his companions, but started on a run toward the door.

Then he turned back more calmly, took his hat and again started. Again he paused.

"What did you say became of the Comtesse?"

"The Comtesse! Well, Mongshoo, so you are after the Comtesse! You won't find her. She was frightened into hysterics and had to be taken to a private hospital, but she left it in a few hours—"

"And went?"

"God only knows where!"

"No! I, Poincaré, I also know!" And letting fly this stupefying bolt, he fled into the street.

Some hours later Poincaré was accompanying three detectives on a journey to Canada. The wealth and influence of Mrs. Van der Hoven had procured a special engine and car and a clear track as far as the Dominion boundary. Despatches had been sent in sheaves to the police of Canada, and the necessary papers were in negotiation by telegraph. The detectives, of course, suspected that the Comtesse de Marbœuf had aided in the robbery, but as to this Poincaré reserved his own opinion. The two scoundrels were fair game, but the dark slender girl—that was different. He would wait.

At the boundary, one of the party turned off to Ottawa for the requisitions, while Poincaré and two detectives went on toward Quebec. When they arrived there it was learned that the Canadian police suspected two men who had gone to Beauport, near the city, the night before, and who were under surveillance. The descriptions satisfied Poincaré, and their arrest was ordered, and he and the detectives hastened out to the little village.

Poincaré had never before been to Beauport, but his familiarity with Dominion history had aided him in finally hitting upon the meaning of the two syllables he had heard in the café, and putting them together in the name of the little town. He found a straggling French village looking as if it had just been transplanted from Normandy. The quaint, squat cottages, dazzlingly white even in the mediated winter sunshine, barrack-fashion breasted the single narrow street along which the great Montcalm had marched. Each lot of ground, on the river side of the street, was thrust like a long thirsty tongue to the water's edge.

It was in one of the oldest and squattest of these little cottages that the men had been found. They had lived as common laborers there for a month or more preceding the robbery in New York, and had returned to it the night before their arrest. Poincaré recognized them instantly as the two plotters of the café. It was inferred that the robbers had brought the jewels with them, as they could not have had time to secrete them elsewhere. They were found after a long search; not a gem was missing from the princely collection. The two robbers were then taken to Quebec to await proper requisitions from Ottawa.

Papers found on his person gave the information that the man called "Paul" was Paul Laville, unknown to the police, and this was probably his first essay in crime—for what temptation, Poincaré well understood. The man with the long mustaches afterward proved to be Victor Rougemont, already a conspicuous figure in the criminal records of Paris.

The adventure had been exactly to Poincaré's liking. Here was the amateur detective of the hour, having tracked two daring and expert thieves, of whom the police could find no trace, bringing in the captives, chained, as it were, to his chariot wheels in a sort of triumphal march. He was already a "hero," and people about the hotel in Quebec were pointing him out as "Monsieur Poincaré, the great detective." The Canadian papers the next day gave full accounts of how he had, by the aid of a few blurred syllables overheard in a café, ferreted out the criminals. He was famous.

Only one thing marred his triumph—the Comtesse. Where was she? He could not bear the thought of the dark and queenly beauty being a fugitive, or perhaps a convicted criminal.

As soon as the afternoon papers arrived, Poincaré bought one of each and hastened to read their versions of his exploit. But the first thing that caught his eye was a glaring headline, "The 'Comtesse de Marbœuf captured.'" She had, it seemed, been arrested as she was trying to leave New York. Her arrest was due solely to her flight from the hospital, as no one had suspected until then that she had taken any part in the robbery. It also appeared that her detention and trial would depend upon whether "Monsieur Poincaré" could identify her as the girl he had seen with the men in the café. So he should have to face this exquisite creature and condemn her to prison! A pretty ending for his adventure!

The requisitions came in the evening, and Poincaré, with the detectives and the two prisoners, started late at night for New York. All the next day he found infinite delight in buying and reading all the papers he could get hold of at various stations. All contained long accounts of the capture and identification of the robbers, of the recovery of the Van der Hoven jewels, and of the arrest of the Comtesse, and through all of these sensational accounts a succession of "Poincarés" shone like a meteor shower in the darkness. He read and reread the articles—then he cut them out and stored them carefully in his pocketbook, for the collection of accounts of his part in the great crime, which he had already planned. There would be a scrapbook or portfolio with the articles arranged in chronological order, with notes by himself, and later there would be pictures of him—for he felt that the daily pictorial press would have its myrmidons on the watch for him in New York.

But he did not have to wait so long. The representatives of a half-dozen metropolitan journals boarded the train at a junction point more than two hundred miles from New York, and very soon he had been photographed in a dozen different poses, while artists had made sketches of him in various attitudes and doing various things. Reporters also had gleaned the principal facts of his life, and specimens of his handwriting were obtained to be reproduced in facsimile. Even his favorites in literature and art were of interest to these hunters of men, and he was persuaded into admitting he had always been keenly interested in detective stories and in working out mysteries of the kind suggested by a single word, a lost button, or some slight deviation from the normal, impossible of detection save by the finely trained eye or ear or brain. (Continued on p. 27.)



The representatives of a half-dozen metropolitan journals

the dark flashing eyes of the girl—"I know the prize—and the penalty!"

It seemed to Poincaré that the prize was worth a particularly brave endeavor.

Paul poured out another glass of wine and drank it quickly.

"You have the easiest part of the job and will get most out of it," said the mustached one.

"It is the most dangerous part," said Paul.

"Bah!" cried the girl. "There is the coward again! I have been with her for a month—"

"For God's sake, don't speak so loud," said Paul, while even the mustaches lifted themselves in alarm.

"I tell you," the girl continued, lowering her voice, "I have been with her for a month and know just how they are put on. All you have to do is—"

"I know the plan," said Paul. "That part is easy; but afterward?"

"We have gone over that a hundred times," said he of the mustaches. "But, look!" He took from an inner pocket a soiled paper that looked like an old theatre programme. "Here it is." His finger, as he talked, flew from point to point of what must have been a carefully prepared diagram. "We are here; mademoiselle there. The affair will take less than a half-minute. Then remember—"

But Poincaré could not catch all of what was said, the voice was dropped so low. What he heard was "bow" and "por," as if one word, spoken slowly, or he had failed to hear syllables between.

"Well," said Paul, looking hard at the girl, "if I do it, and we succeed—?"

"You shall not have to wait a single day."

"I have waited long enough," he said. "Bien! I will do it!"

The three shook hands and the man with the mustaches ordered more wine. After drinking, touching glasses, as if in a pledge, they left the café.

"Bien?" said Poincaré. "That is something interesting! 'Bow'—'por'—'bow'—'por'! I'd give something to know what that means." He thought it all over while sipping another cup of coffee—the high emprise with this haughty beauty as the guerdon. But he could make nothing out of it except a pretty mystery that heightened for him the joy of life.

Although he visited the café for some time daily after this, he did not again see there the three plotters. The young girl—too young she seemed for such deep and desperate things—was constantly in his mind. He often fancied her sitting at the table, between Paul and his mustached companion, and he could hear Paul say, "I know the prize—and the penalty."

There was one New York habit that Poincaré had not acquired—that of propping the morning paper against a dish or the water-bottle and devouring at the same instant the undigested news and an undigestible breakfast. It was because of this alien dereliction that he went to the office one morning knowing nothing of

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Castle Perilous (Act I Continued)

we to fare further on this road." "Nay, it may not be," said the Fairy. "Thou didst shatter the rock and enter into this domain, wherefore there is nought to do save only to follow along the way of the Wondrous Woods, and though I may not be with thee, mayhap in time to come I will be not overfar away, for I am minded thou hast somewhat of trouble ahead." Then did she bid them farewell, and, waving her wand, was gone, whereat there sprang from out the rock where she had stood a flowering rose-bush, which climbed up and over the rocks, completely hiding the Ogre's den with a mass and tangle of thorny, blossoming bramble.

"Well, if we must, we must," said the Squire, "and, though I like it little, let us now be getting on, ere night comes upon us."

Along they trudged then in silence, the Squire giving never a thought to Jack and Peggy, who now fared on happily hand in hand.

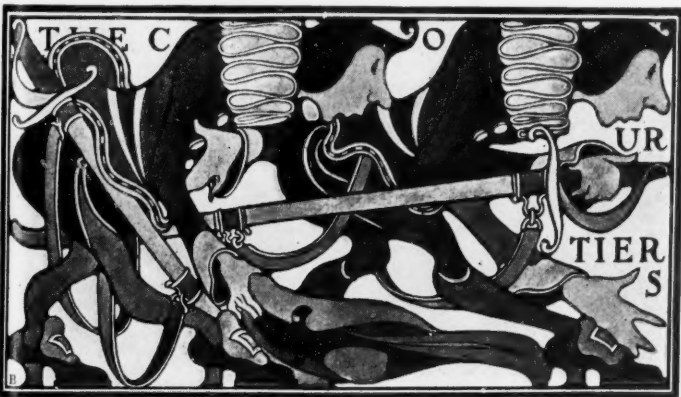
Ever as they went deeper within the woods the way grew more weird; when night came phantom shapes lit them on their way with wondrous lights, and never might they stop to rest, but ever trudged on. At the first dusk of early morn there opened out a land of great hills and high rocky cliffs, where were trees shaped most curiously which, waving their long branches, hopped and skipped about to a tune of their rustling leaves, that was like unto horrible laughter. Presently, mingling with the laughter of the leaves was a mighty roaring, and they saw before them a little hollow wherein were rocks rolling and tumbling about in a way fearful to behold. No power had they against the trees, which ever thrust them on until they were in the very midst of all these rocks, where they needs must hop and skip about like corns on a grill.

Now, if the trees were strange, stranger still were the rocks, whereas each seemed like a huge misshapen head with glaring eyes and grinning mouth. Then, if ever a body was scared, surely that one was Flipper. "Oh me, oh my!" said he, his knees shaking and his legs so trembling he could scarce stand upon them. "How I wish I was home again."

The others were having a hard time of it too, and all the while the trees kept waving their branches, their leaves rustling, for all the world as if they thought it great sport and were laughing in glee.

Well, no telling what might have happened in the end had Flipper not spied an opening in the rock wall into which he dived, quickly followed by the Squire. Then did the rocks stop rolling and cracked and crumbled; the branches drooped, scattering broadcast their withered leaves; the laughter changed to a beautiful song, as rocks and trees gave place to many fair green fays of the forest, who tripped about full daintily.

No longer were there any cliff walls, only flower-dotted hills, from which could be seen, stretching far below, a land of such beauty as was a wonder to behold; all of little hills it was with good green fields, where, beside a quiet lake, its turrets tinted golden in the morning sun, was a towering castle. Down over the hills went Jack, Peggy, Annette, and Dominic Dodd, and drew nigh unto this new land, which, as you have already guessed, was called the Delightful Dale, and the castle, CASTLE PERILOUS.



Scene III *Delightful Dale; a beautiful valley, wherein is to be seen a fair lake, and beside the lake a wondrous castle, which is called the Castle Perilous. A goodly hill, well grassed and amply wooded, looms aback from the castle. In a great rock at the base of this hill is carved a mighty Oracle, called the FACE*

NOW was it early morn of the Great Feast Day of the FACE. Scarce had the sun tinted the topmost trees of the tallest hills when from out a nearby wood came a sound of singing like unto a chant. Presently, wending along the road, was a little company of Priests, bringing rich and costly gifts from the Temple as an offering to the FACE, beseeching that it show that day a sign, its choice of a King. Then did they depart and the chant grew fainter and fainter until it was as a mere stir of the breeze in the treetops.

By this time the sun was well up, and folk began to gather on the green before the Castle. Then the gates opened as with a blast from his bugle there stepped forth a Herald all in a beautiful suit of black and red and gold. "Know ye all," said the Herald, "that this is the High Feast Day of the FACE. Do obeisance to him who would essay to be made King." At these words there came from out the

(Continued on page 27)

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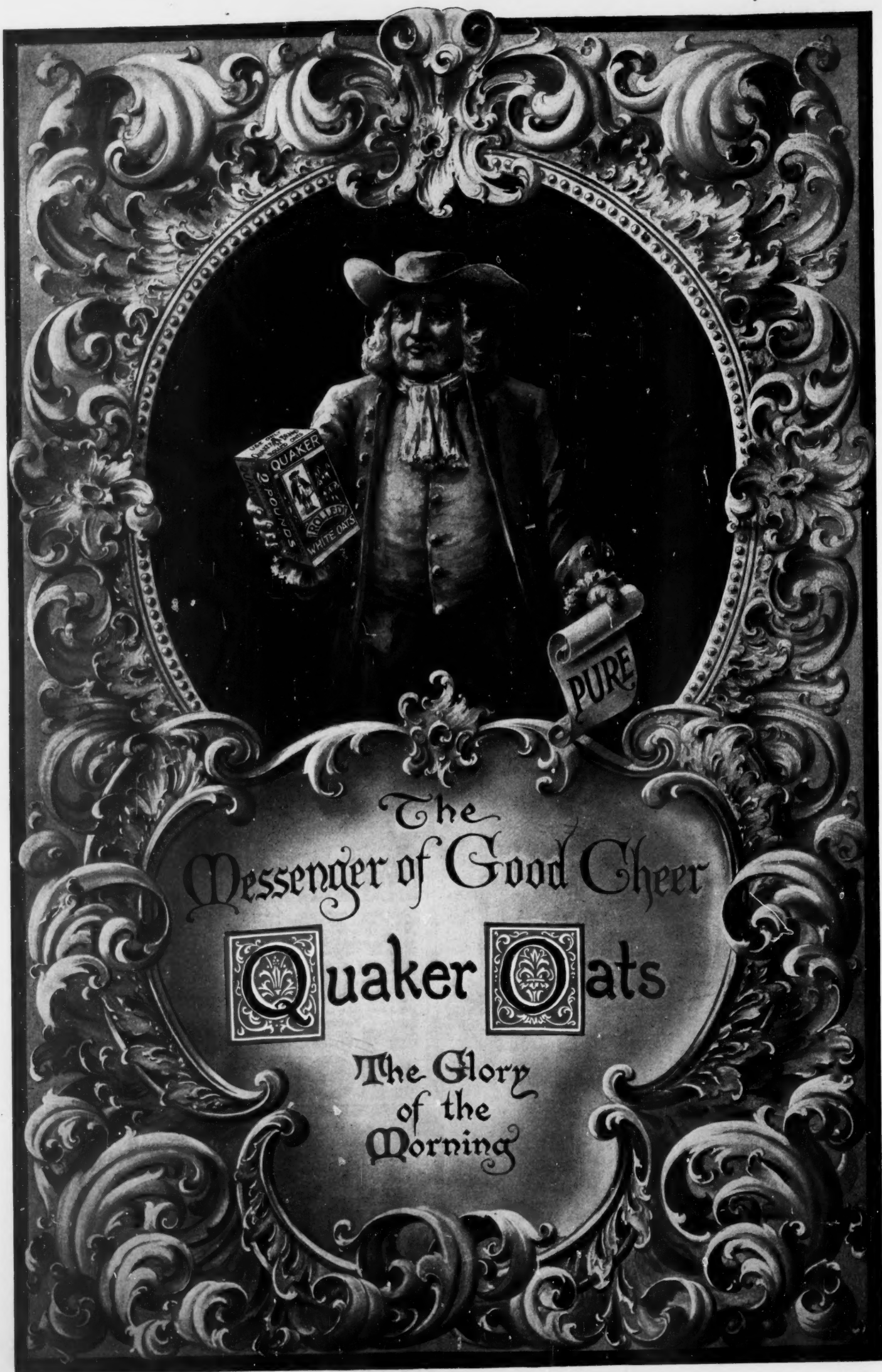
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The Glory
of the
Morning

gates of the Castle, first, a great troop of Damsels, swinging garlands of many-colored flowers and singing gayly; after these came as many youths, also singing, who were followed by a company of Knights all in white and silver armor. Right on the heels of the Knights came Courtiers and Ladies with many attendant Pages, all arrayed most beautifully. Now was there a mighty blare of trumpets, and the throng formed on the two sides of the road, while out of the gates came Trumpeters, and back of these, in a wonderful chair all of yellow gold, and borne by eight black Slaves, was a Great Duke. Little of love did the people bear this Duke, and many were his ill-wishers, so sure they were he was like to rule with a hard hand, yet did they all bow low as he, arrayed most royally, stepped from out his chair and prostrated himself before the FACE.

So far that morn all had gone as well as one might wish, but now, scarce had the Noble knelt, ere there was heard a great rumbling, and the FACE was drawn and wrinkled as in grotesque laughter; one eye blinking green, the other gleaming crimson. At this the people were nigh frantic with fright and about to turn and flee, when a most strange and wonderful thing happened. Amid fearful laughter, the FACE, opening wide its mouth, thrust out a long red tongue, down which there came tumbling, heels over head, head over heels, bounding off at last upon a green knoll—whom do you think? Well, no less a person than the Squire's coachman, Flipper. Flipper, yes, that's who it was, and as he picked himself up off the knoll, rubbing his bruised shins, he looked about on all the people with wonder.

All this while the Knights, the Lords and Ladies, and the townsfolk just stood there for all the world as if they were dazed, until presently a courtier cried, "Hail to the King!" Then, bowing low to Flipper, they all cried, "Long live the King! Hail to the King!"

"Oh, ho!" thought Flipper, as he felt of his torn and tattered clothes, "so I am King, am I? Well, that's good news at any rate; perhaps now I will get a new suit and something to eat. Something to eat; oh me, oh my! but I am hungry. Well, my subjects," said he, "just conduct your King to the Castle." "Ay, to the Castle, to the Castle," cried they all, while Flipper was lifted into the yellow gold chair. Off they marched, singing and cheering, the Damsels waving garlands and scattering flowers. All those who had awaited the crowning of the Duke now more gayly welcomed the crowning of

Flipper, for they deemed him to be the choice of the FACE. How he ever came into that land just by way of that little opening in the hollow of the Rolling Rocks it would be hard to tell.

Now must be told of Jack and the others. Scarce had the procession entered the Castle, ere these found their way down over the hill into the Dale; scarce, too, had they done this when there was a great flash, like lightning, and the FACE began to belch out fire and smoke. Then, following a mighty rumble, there was a great explosion, and in the rock where had been the FACE was a FACE no longer; but in its place, lined all about with flowers, was a beautiful waterfall, in which, wet as a drowned rat, stood—the Squire.

Yes, there he stood, and I just tell you he was mad. How he did fuss and fume and rave and scold as he came stamping from out the

pool. Well, when he had rubbed the water from out his eyes, and began to look about him, the first sight to meet his gaze was Peggy standing with her hand in that of Jack's, who had rushed to her side at the first flash of fire. Now, it may have been that the Squire was mad only from his drenching, or perhaps it was at seeing Jack holding the hand of Peggy, or perhaps he was dazed from his late experience; whatever the cause, he scarce let a second pass ere, raising his heavy cane, he rushed, with all the fury of a mad tiger, straight at the twain. At this Jack—well, what could Jack do but just take his staff and defend himself as best he might? Round and round the green they fought, first one getting in a good stroke, then the other, and so little was there to choose between them that one

might not tell how would go the battle. Well, so much of din did they occasion that it might not happen otherwise than there should gather about them many of the guard and a goodly number of the townsfolk. These would hear to nothing but that they all should be made prisoners and be haled before the King. So off they were marched, and much sport I think there will be when the Squire faces King Flipper.



End Act I—Thereafter follows Act II, which will appear in Collier's Household Number for May, and tell of the Crowning of King Flipper and of the Wondrous Happenings that befell in Castle Perilous

THE GOLDEN AGE OF POINCARRÉ—(Continued from page 22)

He awoke the following morning, in New York, to find his picture on the front page of three or four papers, and himself the hero of the leading "story" in all of them.

It was not until then—that is, several days after his brilliant stroke—that he learned, from one of these narratives, that he had won a fortune also while winning fame. Mrs. Van der Hoven, in her great solicitude over the lost family diamonds, had offered the unusual reward of thirty thousand dollars for the capture of the robbers and the recovery of the gems. This snug little fortune now belonged to him—to Poincaré—and he should be independent, though in a small way, for life.

There was still to be one day of supreme glory, when he should appear in court and identify the robbers. He should have to explain the processes by which he had wrought out the whole theory from the broken sentences heard in the café, how he had completed and perfected it, and how he had pieced together the sounds of "bow" and "por" to spell for him alone the name of the rendezvous hundreds of miles away in Canada. It should be a great occasion for him—and it was. The court-room was thronged, the curiosity and excitement of the people were intense, and Poincaré felt that he was the centre of interest. Had it not been for him, the whole thing would have been impossible; he had created it. Again, before the whole world, as it seemed, he identified the two criminals and explained how he first saw them in the café, and how he had found the key to the mystery. Again the papers would devote columns to him.

The case of the Comtesse was not to be disposed of till the following day, as she was still ill from the shock. Poincaré was glad of this delay, because, whatever course he might choose with respect to the girl, it would not mar his splendid triumph with respect to the capture and identification of her accomplices. He had a bad night trying to form a decision, and morning found him exhausted, fretted, and uncertain. He would leave his course to the ordeal of the moment when he should stand face to face with the imperious girl. That ordeal followed with almost precipitation. He was shocked by the changed appearance

of the Comtesse as she sat, a prisoner in the courtroom. She was no longer the magnificent beauty of the café, with flashing eyes and haughty bearing, as if slaves crouched and trembled at her feet. Her face was so pale that the delicate veins, which had been hidden by the rich duskiess of the skin, now showed their fine and exquisite tracery. Her eyes were already sunken, but they still burned like coals from which the flames had died, but to which they might return at any instant. Poor "Comtesse." Her gallant imposture had fallen from her like a masquerading robe. Poincaré looked at her furtively, wishing to postpone the struggle till the last moment, so that it should come as a surprise to him, and, in a single blinding flash, leave him seared or victorious.

At last he was ordered to look at the prisoner. He turned his head and met the straight level glance of the girl as she confronted the man whose word could free her or send her to prison. The flames had not come back to her eyes, but instead they held a wonderfully softened light. The full lips, pale, but still beautiful and alluring, quivered in the intensity of her emotion. Her look, her trembling mouth, her attitude—all formed a conquering appeal, yet it was visible to no one except Poincaré, as all eyes were turned upon him. He opened his lips, but could not speak, for he knew not what words might come forth. The eyes of the girl held his in fee so long that the judge finally called upon him to say whether or not he recognized the prisoner as the woman he had seen with the two men in the café. Poincaré started as if he had been pricked with a stiletto. Then he said, in a voice so calm and clear it did not seem to be his, but a herald's, speaking for some forlorn maiden on a journey-field: "The Comtesse de Marboeuf is not the woman I saw in the café."

It was done. The girl, freed by his brave lie, gave him one liquid glance and sank back in a swoon. Poincaré knew that he should live always in the radiance of that glance and in the exaltation of that moment.

Poincaré thereafter was to live in that happy period as in a golden age. For a week he did nothing but dis-

port himself in the sunlight of his fame. The later trial, also, was another victorious hour, a rich afterglow of his great triumph. After this there was the talk of the cafés and of the theatre and hotel lobbies, and constant references to the famous robbery in the periodical press. Poincaré's picture was in every illustrated journal or magazine, and Poincaré himself had signed at least a dozen articles (written or retouched by other hands) in the magazines and papers explaining how he tracked and foiled the criminals.

He did not go back to the sombre old business house. His soul could no longer be chained to the desk. The reward-money, together with a thousand dollars or so that he had saved, had already been securely invested, and he should have a small competency for the rest of his days. So he took his leisure and enjoyed his reputation.

After a while there came a deep lull. Other crimes of lesser magnitude, but each claiming its hour of noisy notoriety, thrust themselves before the public. The fame of the Van der Hoven robbery grew dim. Mrs. Van der Hoven could wear blazing on her corsage the great stomacher of diamonds and rubies—though detectives now stood in close guard over her as she sat in her opera box—without reawakening the memory of that remarkable crime.

But there was one who long remembered Poincaré's part in the celebrated case. Every year about the same time he received a package bearing a French postmark and containing a small present. There was never a sign as to who was the sender, only a simple white card with the date on which Poincaré had uttered his brave lie for a woman's sake.

After some years even the little presents ceased to come—and that was the end of the memory of the famous crime. In vain Poincaré haunted the cafés. He had long since been unable to interest any one in the old story of the robbery.

He still cherished, however, the hope of having another splendid adventure, and day after day he passed from café to café in an unending and fruitless vigil.

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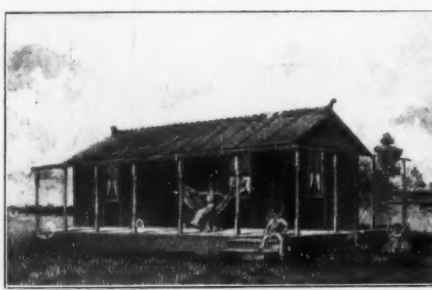
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THE RHYME TO PORRINGER

(Continued from page 20)

So I stole it—I, Francis Audaine, stole it in the King's cause. God bless him! 'Twas burglary no less, but it saved 'two hundred lives, my own included, and I look to be a deal older than I am before I regret it."

Afterward I showed her the papers and then burned them one by one over a candle. She said nothing. So presently I turned toward her with a little bow.

"Madam," said I, "you have forced my secret from me. I know that your family is stanch on the Whig side, and yet—ere the thief goes—may he not trust that you will not betray him?"

And now she came to me, all penitence and dimples. "But you said you were a thief," my dear mistress pointed out.

"Faith," said I, "'twas very necessary that Lord Humphrey should think me so. A housebreaker they would have only hanged, but a Jacobite they would have hanged and quartered afterward."

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she wailed, and I was just about to do so in what I considered the most agreeable and appropriate manner, when the madcap broke away from me and sprang upon a footstool and waved her fan defiantly.

"Down with the Elector!" she cried in her high, sweet voice. "Long live King James!" And then, with a most lovely wildness of mien, she began to sing:

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had a daughter—"

But I stopped her. "Dorothy, Dorothy!" I pleaded, as plainly as my laughter would permit; "you will rouse the house."

"I don't care! I will be a Jacobite if you are one!"

"Eh, well!" said I, "Frank Audaine is not the man to coerce his wife in a political matter. Nevertheless, I know of a certain Jacobite who is not unlikely to have a bad time of it if by any chance Lord Humphrey recognized him to-night. You may live to be a widow yet, dear lady."

"But he didn't recognize you. And if he did"—she snapped her fingers. "Why, we'll fight him again—you and I, Frank—won't we, my dear? He stole our secret, you know. And he stole me, too. Very pretty behavior, wasn't it?" And here Miss Allonby stamped the tiniest, the most infinitesimal of red-heeled slippers.

"The rogue he did not keep me long,
To budge we made him fain again—"

"That's you, Frank, and your great long sword. And now—"

"We'll hang him high upon a tree,
And King Frank shall have his ain again!"

Afterward my adored Dorothy jumped down from the footstool and came toward me, lifting up that crimson trifle that she calls her mouth. "Take your own, my king," she breathed, with a wonderful little gesture of surrender.

And a gentleman could do no less.

THE TWO-GUN MAN

(Continued from page 14)

And when night fell, and the topaz and violet and saffron and amethyst and mauve and lilac had faded suddenly from the Chiracahuas like a veil that has been rent, and the ramparts had become slate gray and then black, the soft-breathed night wandered here and there over the desert, and the land fell under an enchantment even stranger than the day's.

So the days went by, wonderful, fashioning the ways and the character of men. Seven passed! Buck Johnson and his foreman began to look for the stranger. Eight; they began to speculate. Nine; they doubted. On the tenth they gave him up, and he came.

They knew him first by the soft lowing of cattle. Jed Parker, dazzled by the lamp, peered from the door and made him out dimly, turning the animals into the corral. A moment later his pony's hoofs impacted softly on the baked earth, he dropped from the saddle and entered the room.

"I'm late," said he, briefly glancing at the clock which indicated ten. "But I'm here."

His manner was quick and sharp, almost breathless, as though he had been running. "Your cattle are in the corral, all of them. Have you the money?"

"I have the money here," replied Buck Johnson, laying his hand against a drawer, "and it's ready for you when you've earned it. I don't care so much for the cattle. What I wanted is the man who stole them. Did you bring him?"

"Yes, I brought him," said the stranger. "Let's see that money."

Buck Johnson threw open the drawer and drew out the heavy canvas sack.

"It's here. Now bring in your prisoner."

The two-gun man seemed suddenly to loom large in the doorway. The muzzles of his revolvers covered the two before him. His speech came short and sharp.

"I told you I'd bring back the cows and the one who rustled them," he snapped. "I've never lied to a man yet. Your stock is in the corral. I'll trouble you for that five thousand. I'm the man who stole your cattle!"

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APOLLO IN DECREPITUDE

Have recent cool summers been an indication that the heat of the Sun is growing less?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

IS the great hearth of the solar system growing cold? People in light clothing who have shivered through the chilly days of the last two summers may well begin to suspect that it is, and now they have the misgivings of an astronomer to strengthen their own. Professor S. P. Langley, writing in the "Astrophysical Journal," raises the startling question whether there has not been, of late, a falling off of the sun's heat.

However dismaying the supposition may be, there is nothing inherently improbable about it. We know that the sun is only a star, and that a very common characteristic of stars is variability. Far off in the depths of space we see stars winking and blinking, some regularly and some erratically, and since their chemical nature resembles that of our star we may conclude that the sun also carries the seeds of this disorder even if it has not yet developed very far in its constitution.

Let us see on what special grounds the suggestion that there has lately occurred a change in the solar radiation rests. Professor Langley has collated statistics gathered from scientific weather observers scattered over the whole Northern Hemisphere, and has found in them evidence that about the end of April, 1903, the amount of heat that the earth received from the sun had fallen off as much as 10 per cent. The result was a lowering of the summer temperature, felt simultaneously in America, in Europe, in the northern part of Africa, and in Asia. The average drop was about three and six-tenths degrees Fahrenheit below the normal temperature.

What happened in the Southern Hemisphere we do not know, because the requisite statistics are not at hand.

Professor Langley shows the defect of solar radiation did not continue, because, beginning late in the year 1903, there was a general rise of temperature in the Northern Hemisphere toward the normal level. A permanent falling off of 10 per cent in the heat of the sun, he calculates, would lower the average temperature of our globe about twelve degrees Fahrenheit. This would certainly be a very serious matter. Even as it was, a great deal of discomfort was experienced, whether the cause lay in the failure of the sun to supply the customary amount of heat, or, as some think, in an extra degree of opacity of the earth's atmosphere, arising possibly from the presence of volcanic dust.

Paralysis of the Sun

The question naturally comes up whether, granting that the sun did have a faint spell in April last year, from which he afterward recovered, there is any likelihood of a renewal of his failing. Indeed, all who remember the abnormal cool intervals experienced last summer will wonder if the god of day has already had a second stroke of this dispiriting paralysis.

As to the causes which could produce a sudden diminution of the solar radiation we are very much in the dark. We do know, however, that the sun has about him an atmosphere, or we may call it a blanket, of metallic vapors which serves to cut off a large part of the radiation that would otherwise stream out in'o space. Professor Langley himself many years ago made a series of investigations, which have become classic in astronomy, on the sun's radiant energy, and he arrived at the conclusion that if the blanket of absorbing vapors were stripped off from the face of the sun the earth would feel the effect by getting about twice as much heat as it now receives. It would be like removing a screen from in front of a fire.

Of course, any decrease in the amount of heat supplied by the sun must come from a thickening instead of a thinning, or a removal of the solar blanket. How such an effect could arise can only be conjectured. It might be due to a change in the nature of the vapors surrounding the sun, or to a change in their depth and opacity.

It may look like a very easy thing to study the effect of the visible changes of the solar disk upon the sun's radiation, but in fact it is a very difficult thing—one of the most difficult in physical astronomy. There are so many complicated influences at work which must be disentangled that the problem may require many more years for its complete solution. Professor Langley has made a good beginning; the expedition recently made to Mt. Wilson in California, headed by Professor George E. Hale of the Yerkes Observatory, and armed with instruments of unparalleled power, may be expected to push the work a long way ahead; and there are other promising attacks under way.

In short, if the sun is beginning to falter, we are going to know it, but if recent appearances have belied the facts his reputation for steadfastness will be scientifically re-established.

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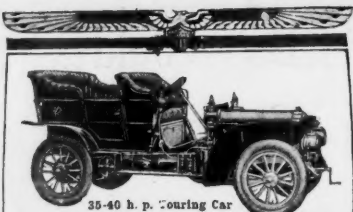
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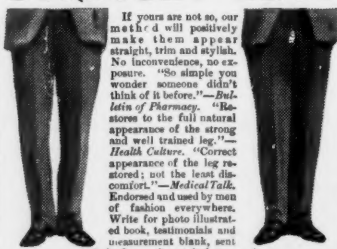


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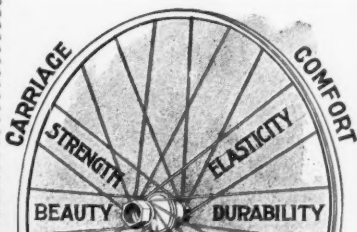
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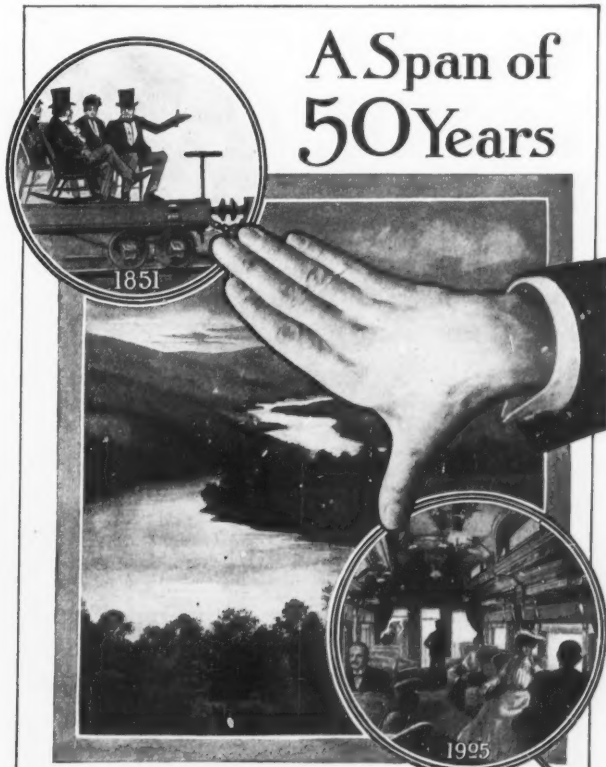
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